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THE
GOLDEN
RULE

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*Addresses spoken at the Meetings of the
Free Religious Movement.*

1. THE GOLDEN RULE.

2. THE ENDLESS QUEST.

OTHER VOLUMES IN PREPARATION.

"A man's only right to publish an Address is
that he thinks the thing said there is not
being said otherwise."

HENRY DRUMMOND.

THE
GOLDEN RULE

BY
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towards World-Religion and World-
Brotherhood, London. Author of "The
Moral Damage of War," "The Thinker
and the Fighter," "Jesus in Juteopolis,"

"The Greater Parables of Tolstoy,"

"Tolstoy's Emblems,"

"The World Rebuilt,"

&c.



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1920.

TO
MY WIFE,
WHOSE FAITH, COURAGE AND SACRIFICE
THROUGH ALL THE DARK YEARS
MADE WORTHY TASKS AND THIS BOOK POSSIBLE,
THE BETTER PREACHER,
BY DEEDS, NOT WORDS,
LIVING
THE GOLDEN RULE.

PREFACE

THE FREE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT towards World-Religion and World-Brotherhood is free in the sense that it proposes to keep the pathway of truth ever open, unencumbered by creeds, ordinances, sacraments, institutions, or trust deeds. It is free from State shackles and endowments. It is free from traditions, dogmas, and formulæ. It is free to think, to speak, to act. It has complete faith in freedom.

Essential religion is independent of externals. Religion is a spirit, a disposition, a temper, an attitude of mind. Therefore the Free Religious Movement moves away from all fixed creeds, unalterable opinions, complete statements, final positions, and the domination of the living by the dead. It strives to keep the future open, claiming freedom to advance with the light, and to adapt itself to the work that needs to be done year by year.

All fixed standards of belief, however honest in their beginnings, tend to become dishonest as time goes on, because they remain stationary, while thought and feeling flow onward, at length creating in the living mind an antagonism towards the written word or printed creed.

PREFACE.

The Free Religious Movement is distinguished by this—that while casting aside the shackles of the past, it puts no shackles on the limbs of the future. Its path is onward to wider views and programmes adapted to mankind's ever-evolving conditions. It holds that opinions which seem most true must always be open to revision, and methods which appear most wise always subject to alteration. It places no restrictions on the freedom of our children. To-day can never bind to-morrow. Nothing can be true for our successors except that which is true for them in the light of their own day and its needs. They may reverence the dead without copying them. Great personalities or historic institutions which have served their useful day are dishonoured when they are turned into agents of reaction, either to erect barriers on the pathway of progress, to plot the page of truth, or to paralyse the brain of knowledge.

It follows, that the Free Religious Movement is religious in a wider sense than that of the ecclesiastical world. It is religious in the sense of the highest ethics, the broadest humanity, and the most inclusive universalism. It is critical only to be constructive. It is destroyer and builder too. It hears the admonition of Emerson: "Attach thyself not to the Christian symbol, but to the moral sentiment, which carries innumerable Christianities, humanities, and divinities in its bosom."

PREFACE.

The Free Religious Movement which is going round the world, is a great quest for universal faith and fraternity. It affirms World-Religion as a means to World-Brotherhood. Without accepting Judaism, or Christianity, or Buddhism, or Confucianism, or Islam, or any smaller sect, as a complete and perfect ideal, it includes in its fellowship Moses and Jesus and Gautama and Confucius and Mahomet and the rest, with all their followers. It regards the historic religious organisations as merely sects of a larger growth. The fact that they are great does not make them less sectarian. The religion of the future will not be sectarian, but universal.

Therefore the Free Religious Movement regards the spiritual and ethical contents of all the great faiths as similar, or even identical, and it seeks to make their essential oneness manifest. At heart they all mean the same thing, and to the heart they all speak the same thing. Hence the call for World-Religion to include all these, and exclude none. And that means World-Brotherhood also.

As in the case of my previous book, "The World Rebuilt," published during the war, the Addresses printed herein were spoken at the meetings of the Free Religious Movement in Steinway Hall during the progress of the war, and necessarily bear the imprint of the terrors, vicissitudes and controversies of those unspeakable

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years. They are arranged with a view to the succession of ideas rather than strict chronology.

It is my intention to issue similar booklets without delay, should the reception given to this one reveal any serious interest in the most significant and hopeful religious movement of our time. Anyone who is acquainted with the religious literature of the day will admit that my intention is fully covered by the defensive saying of Henry Drummond: "A man's only right to publish an Address is that he thinks the thing said there is not being said otherwise."

London, 1920.

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I.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Peace Sunday, December 23rd, 1917.

CONFUCIUS OF CHINA: Tsze-Kung asked, saying, "Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?" The Master said, "Is not *Reciprocity* such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others" (*Analects*, Bk. XV., ch. XXV., Par. xxiii.).

Tsze-Kung said, "What I do not wish men to do to me, I also wish not to do to men" (*Analects*, Bk. V., Ch. X., Par. xi.).

"What you do not like, when done to yourself, do not do to others" (*The Doctrine of the Mean*, XIII. 3).

GAUTAMA OF INDIA: "With pure thoughts and fulness of love, I will do towards others what I do for myself" (*Lalit Vistara*, Ch. V.).

HINDU: "Do not force on thy neighbour a hat that hurts thine own head" (*Albucis*).

ISOCRATES OF ATHENS: "What angers you to suffer at the hands of others, that do not to others" (*Nikokles*, p. 39 c.).

ARISTOTLE OF GREECE: Being asked how we should behave towards our friends, he replied, "As we should pray for them to behave towards us" (*Diogenes Laertius*, V., I., 21).

PLATO OF GREECE: "May I, being of sound mind, do to others as I would that they should do to me."

THE STOICS OF GREECE AND ROME: "Do not do to another what you do not wish to be done to yourself" (A Maxim, used by different writers).

THE APOCRYPHA (Jewish): "What thou thyself hatest, do thou to no man" (*Book of Tobit*, IV., 15).

RABBI HILLEL (Jewish): "What thou hatest thyself, that do not thou to another. This is the whole law, all the rest is commentary" (*Talmud, Sabbath*, 31 A).

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PHILO JUDÆUS (Jewish-Hellenist): "A man should not do what he hates to suffer" (II., 629).

JESUS OF NAZARETH (Jewish-Christian): "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets" (Matthew vi., 12).

MUHAMMAD OF ARABIA (Moslem): "No man has believed perfectly until he wish for his brother that which he wishes for himself" (Sayings of the Prophet).

GOOD customs claim to be observed till they are pushed aside by better ones. It has long been the custom of the Peace Society to invite religious organisations to celebrate the season of good will by giving the question of international peace prominence in their ministrations. Thus has Peace Sunday become an institution.

Right willingly do I fall in with this good custom. In the midst of the most horrid conflict of nations that ever disgraced and destroyed mankind, it is a preacher's paramount duty to set forth the principles of true religion with regard to war and peace. In common with the Peace Society, I believe that religion has nothing to do with the practices of war except to abolish them. And it can abolish them most effectively by abolishing from the human breast and from the policies of Governments those false ambitions, jealousies, prejudices, fears, hatreds and selfishness which constitute the ultimate causes of all war. To eliminate these passions is the sublime function of religion.

So, then, it becomes my happy task to expound the Golden Rule of all the religions. For that purpose I present you with this string of pearls. I have set in order some of the best known statements of the religious and ethical principle gener-

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ally called by that beautiful name. The Golden Rule of religion and ethics is common to all systems, Jewish and Gentile, ancient and modern. Centuries before Jesus, in the great systems of China and India, Greece and Rome, and in pre-Christian Palestine, the Golden Rule was current; and noble lives strove then, as now, to embody it in noble deeds.

Nay, for the origin of this noble precept we must go still farther back, to the dim Babylonian period where scholars are yet groping in semi-darkness, more than two thousand years before the Christian era, where the germ of the Golden Rule is found embodied in a code of laws. Thence it was taken into the Mosaic code, and transformed into some semblance of religion, as with the Deuteronomist:—"Then shall ye do unto him as he had thought to do unto his brother." Also the Levitical writer:—"As he hath done, so shall it be done unto him." As the centuries went by, this principle of jurisprudence was elevated more and more into religion; law was transmuted into gospel, which penetrated through all the ancient civilisations.

How inspiring to trace the golden thread through those earlier ages to the later!

When one of his disciples asked the Chinese Confucius to give him a rule of life in a single word, the reply was given in the word *reciprocity*; for "What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others"! The disciple appears to have remembered; for in a different place he is reported to have avowed, "What I do not wish men to do to me, I also wish not to do to men"! And in yet another part of Chinese scripture we get the version, "What you

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do not like when done to yourself, do not do to others " !

In the Hindu, India possesses another version, with a touch of humour we do not usually associate with Oriental solemnity : " Do not force on thy neighbour a hat that hurts thine own head."

With more splendid emotion, the Indian Gautama exclaimed, " With pure thoughts and fulness of love, I will do towards others what I do for myself " !

A little later we come to the Athenian orator Isocrates, who enjoined his followers, " What angers you to suffer at the hands of others, that do not to others " ! His countryman Aristotle, being asked how we should behave towards our friends, replied, " As we should pray for them to behave towards us " ! Plato gave his sanction and endorsement to the universal law, " May I, being of sound mind, do to others as I would that they should do to me." The Stoics, both Greek and Roman, appear to have employed this noble maxim in varying forms, such as this : " Do not do to another what you do not wish to be done to yourself " !

A couple of centuries or so before Jesus, the Jewish writers had their version of the universal maxim, and we get this in the Book of Tobit, " What thou thyself hatest, do thou to no man " ! An interesting variation of this is in the Talmud attributed to the great Rabbi Hillel, who was asked, like Confucius, to define all religion in short compass. The story is worth repeating with its full Rabbinical flavour :—A Gentile came before Shammai, and said, " I will be a convert to Judaism, provided you can teach

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me the whole of it while I stand on one foot." Shammai drove him away with a builder's rule he had in his hand. Hillel, however, accepted him as a convert on these conditions, and said to him, "That which is hateful to thee, do not to thy fellow—This is the whole law, the rest is commentary!" Philo, a contemporary of Hillel, a Jew, but a disciple of Greek philosophy, put it yet more briefly, "A man should not do what he hates to suffer"!

On the top of all these precedents of the older world and earlier religion, we have the version attributed to Jesus of Nazareth: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets"!

Finally, the immortal Prophet of Arabia endorsed this ethical rule common to all the religions, and adapted it to express the highest kind of faith: "No man has believed perfectly, until he wish for his brother that which he wishes for himself."

I hope I have not wearied you with this long recital. All students of universal religion—the religion within all the religions—must find this short chapter in comparative piety enormously interesting.

Sometimes one reads comments upon this great saying of antiquity (for, amid all variations it is but one saying) put forth in the interests of sectarian Christianity. The argument is that the non-Christian forms are prosaic and insufficient as compared with the form given in the New Testament. But I do not think a fair comparison bears this out. I willingly confess to a prejudice in favour of the Christian version,

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whose flowing amplitude and charm captured our imaginations when we were girls and boys, and has never ceased to satisfy, to elevate, and to please. But an impartial comparison of one version with another hardly bears out the claim to pre-eminence. Familiarity creates a preference, but does not necessarily imply superiority. And when each pearl on the string is excellent, why scrutinise for small imperfections or microscopical advantages? Whether from Pagan or Christian, Gentile, Jew or Muslim, each is a pearl of great price. Each is calculated to advance human morality and civilisation to a high degree. Each has exercised an ennobling influence on the religion and ethics of the people among whom it prevailed. Each has been a step upwards towards the great law of love which is the supreme principle of religion.

But now, if we take this maxim of universal religion, and use it as a kind of telescope, we shall be able to take views both far and wide, and be completely emancipated from sectarianism. We shall see that truth is universal; goodness is universal; the divine spirit is universal; every age and every nation had its wise and noble teachers who taught substantially the same religion and enjoined substantially the same ethics. And though we do not treasure a precept like the Golden Rule merely because it was enunciated by Confucius and Gautama and Aristotle and Isoerates and Plato and the Stoics and Hillel and Philo and Jesus and Muhammad, our enthusiasm of humanity is undoubtedly inflamed by the discovery that the greatest and wisest of mankind have all perceived the same truth, followed the same ideal, and endeavoured

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to live the same life. We see that there is a religion common to all the creeds; or, rather, that religion is common to all the creeds. Whatever else the creeds may have taken up that is false and impure, religion is within; yes, and the same religion, though in different degrees of advancement; for what is not the same is not religion; religion is one and undivided.

Let us say that religion consists of two principles which cannot be separated—a wedded pair—namely, communion with the divine and ministry to the human; or, shortly, worship and service. The purpose of religion is to lift a soul towards the high, which is God, and bend it to the low, which is man. “Salvation is of the Jews,” said Jesus, and his followers with him. But afterwards they said, “Salvation is of Jesus.” They were both right, in so far as it was true that the Jews in their way and Jesus in his proclaimed truths and spread influences calculated to save men from error and evil. They were both wrong, in so far as they implied that there was no salvation outside the Jews or away from Jesus.

The whole truth is that salvation was of the Egyptians and the Hindus and the Persians and the Stoics and the Jews and the Christians and the Muslims. Salvation came by Abraham and Confucius and Zoroaster and Socrates and the Buddha and the Christ and Muhammad and the Bab and Baha 'U'llah. In all these ways men have recognised some fragments of truth, and lived some forms of the good life. Both good and evil are above sectarianism. There is no such thing as Jewish salvation, or Christian destruction, or Buddhist wickedness or Muslim

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holiness. Salvation belongs to religion itself, which is universal. Destruction follows the want of religion. So does wickedness. And all forms of religion tend to holiness. Religion is to be distinguished from the dogmas and superstitions with which it is so often found associated, just as child-life is to be considered apart from measles and the growing-pains which accompany its advancement.

But how, you may ask, are we to distinguish between religion and dogma, or religion and superstition? How separate the wheat from the tares? I will tell you—I will give you an infallible sign—in that the former produces love, while the latter produce hate. The fruits of the one are the Parliament of Religion, the international Red Cross, the movement towards universal religion and international peace; while the fruits of the other are Huguenot massacres and Smithfield burnings, heresy-hunts, and ministerial excommunications.

Something of this must have been in Abraham Lincoln's mind when he made this confession of faith,—“I have never united myself to any church, because I have found difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long, complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterise their Articles of Belief and Confessions of Faith. When any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might, and thy neighbour as thyself,’ that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul.”

I quote again from the French philosopher

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Helvetius: "It is requisite, moreover, that a religion be gentle and humane. A religion to be good, therefore, should be tolerant and little expensive. Its clergy should have no authority over the people. Which is the truly tolerant religion? That which, like the pagan, has no dogma, or which may be reduced, like that of the philosophers, to a sound and elevated morality, which will, doubtless be one day the religion of the universe." Yes. In the fires of hate new hatreds are born; but in the fires of love all differences are consumed; as Emerson put it:

- Lo! the God's love blazes higher,
Till all differences expire;
What are Moslems? What are Giaours?
All are Love's and all are ours.

Following up our idea of religion, we may regard it as communion with the divine, and consecration to the human. It is the soul of man seeking the Soul of the Universe and finding that Soul in the brother by his side. If we believe in the divine that is in and through and over all, we must also believe in the human in and through and over whom the divine is. God is the force of human intellect and passion and life; the ideal of human aspiration; the inscrutable force in the physical universe and the illimitable love in the spiritual. That is why religion is immortal. Religions perish; religion never. Every cradle seems to ask, Whence? and every coffin, Whither? therefore religion will endure as long as birth and death.

I am not alarmed when I am told that Christianity is passing away, or that Judaism is not extending, or that Hinduism is decaying. Since

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Max Müller and the science of comparative religion, it has been patent to all thinkers that Christianity was only one of the large sects in the universal church; that so far from being the exclusively true religion, it was but one of a sisterhood of religions, all of them true, all of them originating in a similar way in the human consciousness. So with Judaism, Islam, Taoism, and the rest. By comparing the contents of each we apprehend the universal faith and by living up to them we get the establishment of human brotherhood.

It is now some seventeen years since Professor Harnack published his meteoric book, *What is Christianity?* Few agreed with his answer to his own question, and fewer still on what the answer ought to be. But during the intervening years the impossibility of answering the question has become more and more apparent. Harnack's answer satisfied nobody; probably not himself; and the question remains open, since a hundred different answers are as good as no answer at all.

If we look at Professor Harnack's own country we shall find an object-lesson. The exodus from the national church of Germany, before the war, was going on at an estimated rate of thirty thousand a year—probably much fewer than were lapsing from the churches in this country every year. For you must know, a German could not escape from the church tax except by filling up a paper of exemption; so the exact numbers were known. And even the official figures fell far short of the real falling away; since—just as in this country again—many paid their tax and remained connected with the church merely for the sake of such occasional conveniences as service of

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clergy at baptisms, marriages, and so forth. The tremendous break away was accounted for partly by the hostile Social Democracy, partly by the political connection between Church and State, but chiefly by the growth of radical religious thought. It would not be difficult, therefore, to argue that the defection from the church was only another search for a better church; a search for a purer and wider religion.

A similar state of affairs obtains among our own people. I regard the discontent with official Christianity as a sign of grace in the people, who desire a real religion, a spiritual religion, an ethical religion, a reasonable religion, an inclusive religion. They are saying with Martin Luther, "Unless you convince my reason I cannot and will not retract."

The failure of official Christianity is chiefly due to the fact—now proclaimed to the heavens by every shell that bursts over the plains of Flanders—by every bomb that explodes among the citizens of London or Stuttgart—that it has not regarded religion as essentially love. The church has cared more for uniformity through belief than for unity by love. It has erected fences round the fold, and has fenced more souls out than it kept in. It has not filled up the gulfs of human separation, but tried at most to bridge them. Now the bridges have given way, and Christendom has gone down into the unfathomable gulfs of hate and bloodshed. If religion could take voice, it might say with the philosopher Hegel, "Only one of my disciples understood me, and he misunderstood me!" The purpose of religion is to produce universal love.

In his treatise on "Science and Hebrew

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Tradition," Professor Huxley says: "In the eighth century B.C., in the heart of a world of idolatrous polytheists, the Hebrew prophets put forth a conception of religion which appears to me to be as wonderful an inspiration of genius as the art of Pheidias or the science of Aristotle. 'And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' If any so-called religion takes away from this great saying of Micah, I think it wantonly mutilates, while, if it adds thereto, I think it obscures, the perfect ideal of religion."

By one of those happy coincidences which so often occur in my experience, in the very act of writing there has come to me from the North, from a friend whose form of religion is broad and humane Anglicanism, a letter with Press cuttings showing that he has been in newspaper controversy about this very matter of the Golden Rule and its application to life. He contrasts the church's zeal in foreign missionary enterprise with its lukewarmness in social improvement at home, and the creation of educational opportunities for every child and youth. "The greatest duty of all—that of doing for men all things they would that men should do for them—they have not even tried to do." He would have churches use all their very great influence with town councils and Parliament to get such conditions created as would make it possible to make the Golden Rule operative in public as well as private affairs, particularly in regard to the birth and training of children. Further, my correspondent proceeds to contrast the church's zeal with regard to such questions as miracles and heresy with its supineness in getting the Golden Rule brought into action, which is the

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really impressive matter, and would give results proving the truth of the religion which gave such evidence. And he sums up: "I am very sure that no religion which does not honestly accept as its supreme duty that of trying to do for men all things whatsoever we would they should do unto us has a chance of being accepted."

These are wise and noble words.

It is evident that, among other things, the Christian church has proved inadequate to produce an international religion. But the divine is impartial Father to all races; and in the realisation of that fact in human experience the climax of religion will be reached. An International Peace Congress or an Inter-religious Conference is a far greater evidence of religion than Convocation or the May Meetings. I have participated in such gatherings with men and women of nearly every nationality and every form of religion; and I can testify that the same unity of spirit and elevation of sentiment which I found in one I found in all. Any form of religion which assumes to be the only true faith is subverting its own essential principle, which is impartial and indiscriminating love. It is certain that the movement towards inter-religion and inter-nationalism, though interrupted for a time by the world conflict, will be resumed with tremendous impetus after the war. There can be union without amalgamation. The religions and the nations will say to one another, "I do not come over to you, but I join you"! It is not the function of religion to provoke nations to war, but to provoke them to love and good works.

Amid so many ebullitions of wrong religion, it is with greater satisfaction one hails any mani-

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festation of right religious feeling, such as came to us recently in the form of a newspaper paragraph which I take leave to reproduce, as being entirely in the spirit of the Golden Rule:—

“Many people are becoming convinced that neither arms nor politics can save civilisation from the risk of destruction, but that only the spirit of Christianity can bring healing to the world.” So says the Council for Promoting an International Christian Meeting, in an appeal to members of all Christian denominations. The object of the Council—which contains many influential names—is to promote a “purely religious meeting which will discuss neither the causes of the war nor the conditions of peace, but which will demonstrate the true unity of all Christians in allegiance to their common master. . . .

It is thought that if belligerents and neutrals could meet in prayer together they might help to create the atmosphere which is essential if the Governments are to conclude and preserve a just and lasting peace. The Council hopes to go on preparing the way for such a meeting to be held whenever the right time may arrive . . .”

Mark that phrase about creating the atmosphere of peace. It is atmosphere that matters; and the creation of right atmosphere is the peculiar function of religion.

One further hope only might we express. The intention is to call belligerents and neutrals together to prayer. Why, then, restrict the prayer-meeting to Christians? Let the bells of the meeting-house summon the belligerents of all faiths—Jews, Muslims, Buddhists, and others—to turn from fighting to praying; and all the unassorted Rationalists, Freethinkers, Agnostics, and Heretics of every shade and degree, since

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they also are sons of the Most High, and must also desire to come into the atmosphere of peace, bringing those emotions of love and aspiration which are the essence of prayer.

In his famous drama of "Nathan the Wise," Lessing brings together the representatives of the three great world-faiths in the persons of Nathan the Jew, Saladin the Muslim, and Richard the Christian Templar. They commence their conference with the mutual suspicion engendered by their several religions. But gradually, as they talk, they become aware of the same heroism, nobility, chivalry, and faith in the others that each is conscious of in himself. "Why, Nathan, you are a Christian!" exclaimed Richard. "What makes me a Christian in your eyes makes you a Jew in mine!" replied Nathan. There was only one religion within all the three! And that is the religion the Free Religious Movement exists to proclaim. Its mission is to teach the men and women of every race to see in each others' eyes the same God. For as in the physical nature of every tribe and race we find the same life-blood, the same pulse-beat, the same heart-throb, so, in the uplifting of the human soul, we find the religion common to all the creeds, and the Golden Rule of conduct alike for men and nations.

But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year?

(Tennyson).

II.

GOLDEN RULE JONES.

(February 10th, 1918.)

“Act only according to that maxim which thou canst at the same time will should be a universal law.”—(Emmanuel Kant).

SOME time ago I sought to commend the Golden Rule by showing that it constituted one of the ethical and religious principles of all the higher races and religions. We found it in the sacred books of the Chinese, the Indian scriptures, the Greek and Roman philosophies, the Jewish bible, as well as the Christian New Testament.

I give you an ethical law as enunciated by the modern philosopher Kant, which might be described as the Golden Rule in philosophy, and resembles the law of *Reciprocity* as enunciated by the ancient Confucius.

I do not wish to encourage the idea that the Golden Rule is any better for being dug out of ancient books or modern philosophy, or because it fell from the lips of this or that renowned teacher—Confucius, or Gautama, or Aristotle, or Hillel, or Jesus, or Muhammad, or Kant. If it is right, it is right for other reasons than that these great men uttered it, or those great books contained it. It is right because it is right in itself, because it squares with the justice and good-

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ness of the universe; because it commends itself to the human conscience. Truth is always true. whoever says or does not say. Right is always right, whoever practises it or whoever violates it. The authority of any word is just the authority of the truth it contains; no more, but also no less. The origin of great sayings is always a matter of interest, but their authority lies in the extent to which they approve themselves to our reason and moral sense. So, while I am pleased to find this glorious sun-flower springing out of the soil of all countries, I bow to its authority only because its perfections are obvious to my mind and its fragrance grateful to my heart.

Yet we must go further than that. It is certainly a comforting and encouraging fact that a moral rule so superb should have suggested itself to all the goodliest of the sons and daughters of men. It proves that the moral law is universal, and there is on that account hope for the social unity of mankind. It proves that the capacity of moral perfection is universal, and that we may reasonably expect the ultimate salvation of human society. As that sweet singer, Gerald Massey, sang :

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Furthermore. From this general consensus of the wise and good, and from this general agreement of the human conscience, we may believe in the sincerity of those who declared and endeavoured to practise the Golden Rule of conduct. I have no doubt that if the ancient capital of Chow, or the City of Athens, or old Jerusalem had run such a thing as a daily paper or a popular pulpit, the able editors and court

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preachers would have paid mock homage to Confucius and Plato and Jesus as beautiful but impracticable idealists.

If war had broken out, however, the note would have changed. Those high-minded teachers would have been denounced as pro-Spartans and pro-Romans, as pernicious pacifists and little better than traitors, with broad hints about confiscation and the gallows. They would have been reminded that their Golden Rule was dangerously out of place in time of war; that what the country wanted was an interim religion; that the Golden Rule must be suspended till Sparta had been defeated or the Romans driven out of Palestine. Then they would all be delighted to practise it! "After the war" there would be a perfectly beautiful new religion, and they would all become the most lovely—"Christians"—I was going to say! Unhappily for them, they lived too soon—those pagans and Jews of Athens and Jerusalem—else they might have got points from such modern Christians as the American divine who made this eminently charitable declaration: "The pacifist is the most despicable and craven creature that crawls the earth; the word 'pacifist' is the most disgraceful word in the English language!" I wonder if this professed follower of "gentle Jesus" read the Lesson for the Day, and if the Lesson chanced to contain the saying, "Blessed are the peacemakers—[the Pacifists]—for they shall be called the children of God"!

I notice, however, with much interest, that certain quondam "Peace Societies" are quite of the reverend rector's opinion, and are anxiously seeking for a new name to distinguish them from those despicable, craven, crawling creatures who

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with Lord Tennyson dislike war, believe in the possibility of a "war-less world," and have remained faithful to the original principles of peace. It will be interesting to see what title will ultimately be found to fit those who cry "Peace" but wage war; who greedily grasp both at the blessing of the peace-maker and the spoils of the war-monger. I leave them searching the dictionary for the right word.

I put forward this proposition—that the Golden Rule is an eminently practicable rule of life; that Confucius and Gautama and Hillel and Jesus were not amiable fools, but men pre-eminently wise, who knew what they were saying and meant it; that the experience of mankind proves those teachers to have been right; that the world owes most of its miseries to its neglect of this simple rule; that the world will become a place worth living in only in proportion as its inhabitants believe the rule and live the life. I will maintain that proposition in the face of all comers. As the knights of chivalry flung down their gloves and defended their ladies' beauty and virtue against all the world, so fling I down this gage of moral battle, and will maintain the religious beauty and ethical virtue of this Golden Rule to the last breath of my body.

I believe that "the Maker has linked together the whole race of man with this chain of love. I like to think that there is no man but has had kindly feelings for some other, and he for his neighbour, until we bind together the whole family of Adam." There spoke the pacifist soul of William *Make-peace* Thackeray.

I could advance many arguments. On this occasion I will advance but one. I point to the example of Samuel Milton Jones, of Toledo

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(U.S.)—Golden Rule Jones, as they called him—Mayor of Golden Rule City—Owner of Golden Rule Factory. I point to Golden Rule Jones and say, "There is a proof that the Golden Rule is practical ethics, practical politics, practical business, practical municipalism." The grand proof of practicability is that the thing has been done.

I will not trouble you with less important details of this modern disciple's life, but will recount only its principal events. Golden Rule Jones was born poor, but, being rich in character, his hard work, simple living and inventive genius lifted him to the position of an employer of labour and a comparatively rich man. In an age and amid a people grovelling before the image of the Golden Calf, it was refreshing to discover a simple-minded, pure-hearted, practical idealist applying the Golden Rule to all the private and public affairs with which he was concerned. Here was a successful man of business, mixing familiarly in the commercial world, buying and selling in the open where all could see the nature of his transactions. Here was a municipal statesman, the civic chief of a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, controlling the police, administering the health department, the lands, the properties, the grants of public money. Here was the head of a household, living in a large and beautiful home, with a domestic life of conspicuous simplicity and loyalty. Here was the owner of a factory employing many persons, paying liberal wages and working an eight-hours day, with facilities for recreation and self-improvement. Here was the founder of a church with but one article to its creed, an article of so great flexibility and

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catholicity that ministers of all faiths—Protestants of both orthodox and liberal folds, Roman Catholic priests, Jewish Rabbis, Agnostics and Ethicists—could proclaim their common message in their own terms. This was the man who was four times elected Mayor of Toledo, who earned for it the magnificent title of Golden Rule City, by which it was popularly known throughout the United States, and who gained for himself the respectful and affectionate nickname of Golden Rule Jones. To have been four times such a Mayor of such a city I count a far greater renown than Dick Whittington's, who turned again and became "thrice Lord Mayor of London!"

Such a city naturally attracted many pilgrims, of whom I was one. When touring along the southern shores of the Great Lakes, I turned a hundred miles out of my way to visit Golden Rule City, which I was the more anxious to do as being myself one of the City Councillors of my native city of Dundee, for the sake of which I was willing to learn whatever was best about the administration of civic affairs.

Going straight to the Town Hall, and presenting my credentials as a civic administrator from Scotland, I was spell-bound reading a sentence from Tolstoy, engraved by the Golden Rule Mayor at the entrance to his official chamber: "Men think there are circumstances when one may deal with human beings without love, and there are no such circumstances. One may deal with things without love; one may cut down trees, make bricks, hammer iron without love, but you cannot deal with men without it."

Then I was courteously shown over the municipal buildings, and was more gratified to occupy for a few seconds the chair from which the

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Golden Rule Mayor had administered the affairs of Golden Rule City than I would have been to sit above the Stone of Destiny in Westminster Abbey on which the kings of England have been crowned during those six centuries since Edward the First stole it from the royal palace of Scone in Scotland !

Yielding to a doubt which haunted my mind, I asked whether the Golden Rule idea was taken seriously, or if it was only a kind of catchword, and was informed that it was taken both by Mayor and citizens in dead earnest. The convincing proof was offered that the police force had been greatly reduced in that period, with corresponding decrease in crime and misdemeanour. There was no getting over evidence like that. I nourished a feeling of regret that, according to the law of good manners, I was already bare-headed. I wanted to take off my hat in devout thankfulness to the Maker of men for such a character and such a life. A hundred volumes of Christian Evidences would not have done for my faith what was done by this witness to the power of noble idealism over practical affairs. Let the ethics of the Good Samaritan once begin to dominate mankind, then the reign of heaven has begun ; then good-bye to domestic treacheries, commercial trickeries, political chicaneries, religious hypocrisies. Good-bye to that scourge of the human race—war.

Honour and glory for evermore
To this great man gone to rest ;
Peace on the dim Plutonian shore ;
Rest in the land of the blest.

I reckon him greater than any man
That ever drew sword in war ;
Nobler, better, than king or khan,
Better, wiser, by far.

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Aye, wisest is he in this whole wide land
Of hoarding till bent and gray;
For all you can hold in your cold, dead hand,
Is what you have given away! (*Joaquin Miller*).

But then what of Golden Rule factory? One's mind naturally travelled thither from the City Chambers. Golden Rule Factory seemed specially designed to disprove the necessity of palatial edifices of the modern approved pattern. Its owner had more faith in the influence of man upon man than in the influence of material things. The chosen motto was this: "The business of this shop is to make men; the making of money is an incidental detail." That, you perceive, was to fly in the face of the gospel of political economy, which teaches that the object of business is to make money, and says nothing about the men. But I see many signs that such a gospel is being rapidly discredited. The soul of the business world—(by which I mean the best men in that world)—is more and more inclining to put humanism first and commercialism second; and to regard our complex industrial system as a means of promoting the welfare of employees as well as of employers, and the welfare of the consumer as well as of the producer; that, in fact, each is for all, and all for each. Such, at any rate, was the principle at Golden Rule Factory. While other places of business had charts with rules and regulations placarded on their walls, in this house of business there was but one rule—and that was the Golden Rule. Its first edition was printed on a piece of tin and hung in the shop; but when things grew prosperous the piece of old tin was sumptuously framed by the workmen and hung in the dining hall.

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The great rule was practised as well as printed. Did a workman go wrong? There was infinite patience and charity till he came right. The power of a benign and transparent personality was felt throughout the whole place, and the workers really did believe in the brotherhood of men. The employer exercised unsuspicious faith in the good purpose of his workpeople, and they repaid him with honest and loyal service. His was one of the earliest ventures in profit-sharing, his workmen being made stock-holders. Over the entrance to the building were painted the words, "Every man who is willing to work has a right to live." The heart-breaking sign, "No help wanted," was never displayed. Every applicant, when work was not to be had, received kind words, advice, and sympathy.

The small area round Golden Rule Factory was known as Golden Rule Park, with a few trees, flowers, seats, swings, and sand-heaps for children. It was a favourite spot for the women of the neighbourhood to bring their babies. Under a large, spreading willow-tree in the centre of the park was a platform where, in fine weather, the Golden Rule Band discoursed music to the people while the Mayor used to walk up and down mingling freely with the crowd. Golden Rule Hall and Golden Rule Dining Room speak for themselves. The Dining Room was said to be the most democratic in the world. It was Spartan in its simplicity. But the most distinguished scholars and publicists have sat at the clothless board with the workmen and learned lessons of the greatest political value. "To live we must work, and we must work to live. It is not birth, nor money, nor a college education that makes a man; it is work." Here, or in the

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Park in fine weather, assembled Golden Rule Church, the one article of whose creed was this :
" Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye unto them."

I regard that which I have been describing to you as one of the great object-lessons of the nineteenth century. It illustrates the inseparable nature of justice and love, and of both of them with peace. Here was a dreamer who was also a doer, and practically proved that men could live and work together on the simple basis of trust and love. I know that the huge economic question looms up behind that simple experiment, and probably has to be solved on a vast continental scale; nay, on a scale that is world-wide, with universal Free Trade as its basis. But I cannot enter into that now. Here at least is the proof that commerce and industry are not necessarily warfare and soulless competition. Men are more than machines, and life is greater than labour. And it is love, not force, which will solve the great economic, as well as the great political, problem. To have established that proposition is, I take it, the grand life-achievement of Samuel Milton Jones. We may sum all up in the lines of the like-minded John Greenleaf Whittier :

The interests of the rich man and the poor
Are one and same, inseparable evermore;
And, when scant wage or labour fail to give
Food, shelter, raiment, wherewithal to live,
Need has its rights, necessity its claim.
Yea, even self-wrought misery and shame
Test well the charity suffering long and kind.
The home-pressed question of the age can find
No answer in the catch-words of the blind
Leaders of blind. Solution there is none
Save in the Golden Rule of Christ alone.

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To single-minded men and women, the Golden Rule appears to be sufficient for all purposes, as I have shown. But there is no moral principle which the double-minded cannot twist into its contrary. Let me quote an example in the form of a cutting I took long ago from a publication bearing the promising title of "The Brutalitarian." This is what the writer says: "The application of the Golden Rule, that we should do to others as we would they should do to us, obviously depends upon what we *wish* them to do to us. The soldier who kills a Zulu in fair fight is fulfilling the Golden Rule to the letter. He is doing to the Zulu what he fully expects and wishes the Zulu to do to him—if he can." The cynicism of this passage is appalling, or would be appalling had we not become so hardened by the wholesale cynicism of war-time. It is the spirit of the very Mephistopheles himself. I waive the question whether the fight between a trained and full-armed British soldier and a Zulu can ever be a "fair" one. The slime of the serpent is over every word. For the Zulu does not wish to be killed; neither does the British soldier. Each wishes to kill the other. And it is the wish to kill with which the Golden Rule has to do. It says to the Zulu, "You would not like the British soldier to kill you; therefore do not kill the British soldier." It says to the British soldier, "You would not like the Zulu to kill you, therefore do not kill the Zulu." In plain English—or Irish—the Golden Rule would stop the fight before it began!

Tolerate me for a moment while I apply the sophism of this cynic to the European situation. Let us put nations for men, since this is a war of nations. The argument would run thus: "The

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German nation, which destroys the British nation in fair fight, is fulfilling the Golden Rule to the letter. It is doing to the British nation what it fully expects and wishes the British nation to do to it—if it can ! ” Such fool-logic as this makes an end of all moral difference. It is the logic of those quibblers to whom, in the terrible phrase of the New Testament, God sends strong delusion that they should believe a lie ; or of those madmen whom the gods mean to destroy, as the pagans had it. Such self-deceivers are in the same mental and moral mix as was the schoolboy who, as I am credibly informed by a teacher, on being asked to repeat the Golden Rule, after various attempts got out this from the Book of Genesis : “ Whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed ” !

The moral blindness which cannot distinguish between the Golden Rule and the Lex Talionis is characteristic of our time. It is the peace-and-war paradox of the day. It was exemplified by the Bishop of London the other day when he told his audience how Jesus set his teeth to go through with it in Gethsemane, and how Jesus was signalling from the skies to the British people to set their teeth to go through with the war. Well for the Nazarene that he is dead. Were he alive to hear the appalling and wicked nonsense which is being talked about him to-day by his followers in every European country and American State, the horror of it would drive him mad. If this develops but a very little further, we shall be seeing a statue of Jesus clad in the panoply of Mars set up in front of St. Paul’s, and, blazoned underneath, the title “ Prince of Peace ” ! No wonder that the war goes on—and on—and on,

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with these blind guides leading the blind till both of them fall into the ditch ! Were the ancient cosmos any longer credible to us—were it possible for us to conceive of heaven as the place above our heads and hell the place beneath our feet—we should ask in wonderment whether heaven were not sick of blood, whether the roof of hell were not already drenched in blood. Every day the river swells its red tide. Every morning newspaper seems printed in red. We would borrow the imagery of Shakespeare's most lurid tragedy, and say like Lady Macbeth, " Here's the smell of the blood still ! All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this corrupted continent ! Who would have thought the peoples of Europe to have had so much blood in them ! " Rightly said a Labour leader the other day that every obstacle to peace must be swept out of the way, even if it were . . . !

But this is not a political platform, therefore I refrain. Edwin Markham speaks the word for the hour :

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way :
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path :
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
To this Event the ages ran :
Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man.

III

THE LAW OF RETALIATION.

(February 24th, 1918.)

MOSES: "Life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe." (Exodus xxi. 23-25).

BUDDHA: "By love alone can we conquer wrath. By good alone can we conquer evil. Do to others that which ye would have them do to you. Kill not. Cause no death" (*Sûtra of Forty-two Sections*, v. 129).

SOCRATES: "In no circumstances will the just man do any harm to another, even to avenge wrong done to himself" (*Crito* 49).

CONFUCIUS: "Recompense injury with justice" (*Analects*, Bk. XIV., Ch. xxxvi.).

JESUS: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil" (*Matthew* v. 38).

MARCUS AURELIUS: "The most complete revenge is not to imitate the aggressor" (*Meditations*, Bk. VI., vi.).

IN direct contrast to the Golden Rule is *The Law of Retaliation*—*The Lex Talionis*, as it is technically called—the Rule of *Tit-for-Tat*, as it is popularly known among children—the Doctrine of *Reprisals*, as it is preached and practised to-day by the Christians of Europe and America.

We find this law stated at its baldest in the Mosaic code—"Life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe"—as to which I will only now say that if such were the ordering of the world I would sooner

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live in hell. But the law is hundreds of years older than Mosaism, for we find it in the Code of Hammurabi, King of Babylon, as one of his *Judgments of Righteousness*. And it would be unfair to Mosaic religion to judge it by the untempered severity of this one decree. The growing spirit of humanity softened it even in the worst times by substituting fines and other measures for bodily mutilations. And when Mosaic religion developed into prophetic religion, the spirit of humanity rose to heights of mercy, forgiveness and loving-kindness unexcelled in the ancient world.

The best spirit of that elder world is expressed by the other teachers in our commencing sentences.

“By good alone can we conquer wrath,” said the Buddha—or his disciples in his name—“By good alone can we conquer evil. Do to others that which ye would have them do to you. Kill not. Cause no death.” There spoke the highest spirit of India.

The best of Greece breathes upon us in the words of Socrates before his death, “I am not angry with my condemners, or with my accusers,” and when he declared that in no circumstances would the just man do any harm to another, even to avenge wrong done to himself. It is true that inferior principles of conduct appear in Socrates, as when he says that the virtuous man should surpass his friends in kindness and his enemies in vengeance; which reminds us of the most Christian king of whom it was said that he never forgave an injury or forgot a favour.

But the high spirit of Greece and of Pagan religion expressed itself in the saying of Plato to the effect that revenge was wrong, that it was

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worse to inflict wrong than to suffer it; though here again a large deduction from the benign law of mercy must be made in the exclusion from its scope of slaves and foreigners.

The teaching of Confucius belongs to a lower order, as becomes a philosophy of prudence which we might fairly place on the same ethical plane as the Book of Proverbs. Yet Confucius firmly places justice as the border of retaliation—justice, mark you; not vengeance. “Recompense injury with justice,” enjoins the highest voice of China. In other words, do not allow recompense to degenerate into revenge; do not punish to the extent of creating a new wrong and inflicting a new injury. Be just, but not revengeful; such is the soul of the Chinese people, manifestly to-day as in Confucius’ day; a fair example to Japan, to Europe, and the rest of mankind.

Perhaps ancient religion touched zenith in Roman Stoicism, though sometimes its maxims seem to have the accent of a self-approving virtue rather than loving fraternity. Beyond question, the most glorious flowers of Paganism flourished in the garden of Marcus Aurelius, from which I cull but one blossom: “The most complete revenge is not to imitate the aggressor.”

If we except the Buddha, the teachings attributed to Jesus express the Law of Love in its most magnificent and all-embracing form; though here also it must never be forgotten that lower elements are to be found. Jesus and the religion which took his name were not always on the mountain tops touching the stars with their sublime heads. Sometimes their feet, too, descended to skirt the shades of Tophet and the valley of Gehinnom. But let that pass. Certain it is, that in the words quoted from the First

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Gospel, the *Lex Talionis*—the Law of Retaliation—is repudiated with unexampled splendour of thought and manner, and the *Lex Amoris*—the Law of Love—substituted with a wealth of illustration and imagery which makes “judicial systems contemptible, and captures all hearts.—“Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth : But I say unto you, Resist not him that is evil : But whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man would go to law with thee, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.”

There spoke one for whom the world was to come to an end to-night or to-morrow morning, and who had no need for a purse, or for social institutions. There spoke one who had surrendered all claim upon life ; to whom poverty mattered nothing ; property nothing ; imprisonment nothing ; imposition nothing ; injustice nothing ; death nothing. That is the kind of man who works revolutions, creates precedents, lights new stars, exhales new faiths. Against such men the enemy can do nothing. They are such men as the friars Peto and Elstow, who thundered against the abominable marriage of an English king, and who, when threatened with being tied in a sack and cast into the Thames, answered with smiles, “Threaten these things to rich and dainty folk which are clothed in purple, fare deliciously, and have their chiefest hope in this world ; for we esteem them not, but are joyful that for the discharge of our duties we are driven hence, and with thanks to God we know the

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way to heaven to be as ready by water as by land."

The Law of Retaliation can plead great antiquity, and can claim to be based upon a rude and primitive sense of justice. The impulse to hit back shows itself in the youngest child, and was the only kind of justice possible in man's brutish infancy. But the modern spirit has advanced far beyond that elementary impulse, though in times of stress the original impulse is apt to assert itself against the developed spirit. The real test of the religion of the modern world is this, How faithful does it remain to itself? We are apt to regard such lofty sayings as ideals to be postponed, "till the Millennium," as men say. But what happy period the evils referred to will have ceased to exist; therefore it is now, while the evils of life are in full current, that the Law of Love calls for fulfilment. Such evils will never disappear unless, and until, and in proportion as, the Law of Love is generally practised.

Yet I observe that the Air Minister—the Prince of the Power of the Air, as we may not inappropriately describe him—shortly after his appointment, was reported to have described the policy of the Air Board in the following terms: "We are whole-heartedly in favour of reprisals. It is our duty to avenge the murder of innocent women and children. In this respect we shall strive for complete and satisfying retaliation." Well, let it be so, if so it must be. Only, let the Air Minister distinctly understand that his policy is a reversion to a lower plane; to a plane lower than that which was occupied by the early Christians, by Jesus of Nazareth, by Marcus Aurelius, by Confucius, by Socrates, by the Buddha, and by all those in

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whom abode the spirit of true religion. But perhaps the Minister and those who agree with him might be disposed to endorse the words of a South Dakota judge the other week : " We are all saying and writing things that we some day will be heartily ashamed of and wonder how we ever did it."

But to return to early Christianity. It is usual to treat this saying attributed to Jesus as that of an amiable enthusiast who talked a good deal of benevolent nonsense about not resisting evil, foregoing one's legal rights, and that kind of thing; who was obviously speaking in view of the end of the world and his own simple life in far Galilee; and who could not foresee the culture and commerce and militarism and law and art and politics and all the complex institutions of the twentieth century. Or we construct watertight compartments, as Luther did, distinguishing between our duty as citizens and our duty as religious people; as if religion and citizenship could be kept in separate pens, like sheep and goats; as if the citizen could ever cease to be religious, or the religious person to be a citizen! The New Testament story makes it appear that Jesus acknowledged the legal tribunals of his age and country before which he was ultimately arraigned. So did Paul when he appealed to Cæsar and his Roman citizenship. Therefore Christianity is not to be taken as anarchistic, though Tolstoy would have it so in a noble sense. Yet it may be truthfully maintained that the Christian world makes a very inadequate effort to realise the ideals of Jesus as expressed in the Beatitudes and the so-called Sermon on the Mount. There is abundant food for the cynic in the spectacle of a Christendom which

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insists that Jesus was God, and yet politely excuses itself from doing as he says. To turn the other cheek, to hand over our purse to the first whining knave we meet, are precepts which, with a sigh of relief, we discover can be dismissed as figures of speech—not without certain sly references to Quakers who contrive to keep the letter of the law, yet end in boxing their enemy's ears, keeping two coats in the wardrobe, and maintaining a handsome balance at the bank!

Now it must be granted that only a pedant would treat these superb spiritualisms as legal precepts to be mechanically followed by the formal surrender of all earthly rights and possessions. It must be granted that they are highly coloured rhetorical sayings calculated to impress the imagination and fix themselves in the memory. Scientific literalness was never the manner of the Orient. But, on the other hand, rhetorical exhortation must not be dismissed as absurd, impracticable, and negligible. There was always a contained demand, and the contained demand was never an impossibility. We may admit the figurativeness of the language without denying its moral significance. If we are resolved not to be pedants, we must take equal care not to be dissemblers. The slave-philosophy of the early Christians, as Nietzsche characterised it, certainly tended to establish a state of mind in which such material things as property and rights and position were made subordinate to a place in the heavenly kingdom which was about to be set up on the impending return of the risen and glorified Jesus.

Yet that teaching has a distinct value for modern men and women from whose mind the dream of an earthly kingdom has long vanished.

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It helps them to realise that position is of less importance than disposition; that it is less important to obtain one's rights than to perform one's duties; that the things one hangs about his neck are of value inferior to the qualities one fosters in his soul. No religion which leads away from the physical to the spiritual can be superannuated. Here is true religion. In proportion as men become spiritual, the value of their havings and belongings depreciates in their own eyes. The possessions of the soul are more precious to them than gold and lands and high office; and if they can retain the latter only by relinquishing the former, they will permit themselves to be stripped of every earthly thing; because self-reverence, faithfulness to high views, honour before the angels are treasures not to be exchanged for the whole world. Such experiences are by no means rare in the history of religion. There have been numerous periods in which godly men and women had literally to make such a choice, and made it with smiles like Peto and Elstow. As the old-fashioned, homely lines put it,

The law the lawyers know about
Is property and land;
But why the leaves are on the trees,
And why the winds disturb the seas,
Why honey is the food of bees,
Why horses have such tender knees,
Why winters come and rivers freeze,
Why Faith is more than what one sees,
And Hope survives the worst disease,
And Charity is more than these,
They do not understand.

It might be possible, of course, to discover the expedient in the ideal; but I do not know how far that would be justified. It is possible to

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argue that an Essene or Nazirite or a follower of John the Baptist or of Jesus would have been practically wise in not offering any resistance to the exactions of the tax-gatherer who would only take advantage of resistance to double the impost; or in preferring to be defrauded rather than go to law before unjust judges; or in willingly performing the transport service demanded of them by the government officials who would only coerce the resister into doing double transport. It is quite certain that there are occasions in civil and political life when resistance to unjust authority only brings fresh injustices upon the heads of the resisters. The first Christians lived in such times, and prospered by acting on the principles here recommended. For a couple of centuries they would neither fight in the Roman armies nor go to law before Roman tribunals nor advance any civil claims to property. It is a nice question whether they did not suffer far more when they succumbed to worldly influences and went the worldly way they are going still. But leaving that, let us return to the general question.

From the illustrations already given, I think it is clear that resistance, whether by personal force or legal tribunal, is not always the best remedy for wrong. Retaliation, at any rate, is calculated to injure the character of the retaliator, and may produce a greater wrong than it is designed to remedy. Patient endurance of wrong may be the very salvation of the individual wrongdoer, and ultimately of society in the mass.

All this, of course, looks very dismal to that uncovenanted character unhappily described as "the natural man." It is so "natural" for the spirited boy to up fist and at the bully who

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beats him; or for the man to mulct in heavy damages the slanderer who has defamed him. But in what sense is it natural? If we owe the impulse to nature, it is to brute nature. Man, however, has passed beyond the brute stage into the age of humanity, the age of thought, the age of morality, the age of rationality. I am all for Jerome K. Jerome's League of Reason.

A Jewish proverb says, "If a man call you an ass, put an ass's saddle on you," which being interpreted means—put up with the injury, since to resist it would only make matters worse.

Who does not know the slight moral efficacy of police-court law? I remember that a painter once gave the public a too luscious picture. A fussy moralist appealed to the magistrate with the result that a thousand people went to see for one who went before. A wretched old man I knew tried to keep the soul in him by hawking an obscene book. An officious constable made a martyr of him, and a hundred people read who never read before. I recall a notorious case of two poachers who when snaring rabbits were attacked by gamekeepers, but resisted and the gamekeepers were killed. The poachers were hanged. All were married and had families. The net result was that four men were killed, four wives were made widows and about a score of children orphans, all about a rabbit!

The principles of the great teachers would, at any rate, have prevented that. On their principles, the evil would have been stopped long before it reached that tragic culmination. Experience teaches that force is no remedy. Violence increases, seldom represses, and never extirpates crime. Crime is fostered by retaliation. Systems of penology have proved that. I know

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how much can be said on the other side. I know how tremendous is the argument. And I have no time now to argue big issues. But I am morally convinced that evil can be conquered only by goodness, as Buddha taught. Loving forbearance puts the wrongdoer to shame and wins him to penitence. I venture to think the world owes more to its martyrs than to its priests, its medicine-men, its warriors, or its lawyers. And by martyrs I mean—not merely those who have been burned or beheaded for religion's sake, but—such as have cheerfully suffered loss in good causes, who preferred to be honest and poor rather than rapacious and rich, who remained obscure and insignificant rather than climb upon the downfall of others. It is to such men and women the world owes all that is best in it.

An obvious objection must be met before we bring our study to a close. If we repeal the Law of Retaliation—so runs the objection—we shall invite the break-up of society; and alarming pictures continue to be drawn of the state of a world silly enough to govern itself on the highest principles of religion. But surely to substitute love for violence as the basis of society is not to break it up, but only to change its form. Certainly, in such a world there would be little or no need of, or place for, the cumbrous machinery of churches, priesthoods, armies, law courts, trade unions, political parties, and what not. All these belong to the age of Ishmael. They are necessary to a world dominated by the Law of Retaliation. From a world dominated by the Law of Love they would automatically disappear. Priesthoods, legal and military institutions, principalities and powers in high places, have always been the chief obstacles to reform

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of abuses and the chief opponents of martyrs and prophets. That is the terrible discount always to be made from the stability and balance they give to the world's affairs. They are always the bulwarks of the *status quo*. They tend to perpetuate the injustice, cruelty and division of institutions which have outlived their day. They are necessarily consecrated to the worship of Kipling's God — "The God-of-things-as-they-are" — not the God of things as they ought to be, or as they might be. And they reach their climax in the military systems, as to which Frederick the Great (and he ought to know) delivered himself with great frankness: "As to war, it is a trade in which the least scruple would spoil everything. Indeed, what man of honour would make war if he had not the right to make rules that should authorise plunder, fire, and carnage?"

History is eloquent with this lesson. A State founded on slavery finds itself, after two or three centuries, up against one of the most awful race-problems, which threatens to tear it asunder. The world suffers—not from its excessive devotion to the Law of Love, but from its faithless appeal to the Law of Retaliation. And it will continue to be so till the world changes its ideal, and agrees to regulate its affairs in accordance with the Law of Love. A man's life, a nation's wealth, consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he, which it, possesseth. It profits a nation nothing to gain world-empire, and lose its soul. Surely the terror of that truth is wringing the heart of humanity at this hour. God grant that the impression may remain, that it may be permanent, that it may shape the policies of the future, that it may mould the better world-

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order which is coming up out of the gulf. I give a loud Amen to that splendid belief, that prophetic declaration of Nietzsche: "The doctrine of the army as a means of self-defence must be abjured as completely as the lust of conquest. Perhaps a memorable day will come when a nation renowned in war and victories will exclaim: 'We will break our swords!' and will destroy its whole military system, lock, stock, and barrel."

In that sense it is found to be impossible for religious persons and religious teachers to keep out of politics. For the reformer and the prophet to go out of politics is to go out of the world. There is a stage when religious people stand outside politics altogether. That is generally followed by a stage when they are in politics, but as politicians rather than religionists. The last and highest stage remains, when they are inside politics, but as religious persons rather than politicians. When that time comes, the hour of human brotherhood will be on the wing. It is in that sense and with that object the present speaker desires it to be understood he is inside politics.

In a word, the Law of Love is no external measure to be laid upon society from the outside, from a human authority. It is no Parliamentary enactment, officially promulgated and mechanically obeyed. It is a principle of life to be joyfully accepted with whatever suffering it may temporarily entail. It is a personal disposition or act of will, and at the same time a social ideal as to which each man and woman has to be persuaded in their own minds. In that sense, the saying is for him who can bear it.

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!

IV.

THE WORD OVER ALL.

(March 9th, 1869.)

Reconciliation.

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time
 be utterly lost,
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly
 softly wash again, and ever again, this soil'd world;
For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself—
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin—I draw
 near,
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in
 the coffin.

(Walt. Whitman, "Drumtaps.")

IN opposition to the Law of Retaliation I bring forward Whitman's Gospel of Reconciliation.

Philosophers have long debated whether Nature be more cruel than kind; more kind than cruel. As one plea for the kindness of Nature I advance our theme from Walt Whitman. What is more cruel than man's practice of war? Yet what devastation is there which Nature more effectually hastens to repair?

Man's cruelty places two mighty hosts face to face, armed with every scientific weapon to blow, to pierce, to burn, to poison, to dismember a million on each side; while Nature spreads a mystic word over all the mighty murderous host, and writes it in soft characters across the beautiful

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azure sky. But men are "seeing red," and cannot decipher Nature's heavenly scroll.

Now the war is over. The millions dead corrupt the outraged, desolated earth. Then Nature despatches her myriad messengers to repair the waste—her infinite sunbeams by day and her countless dew-drops by night. Her powers of repair and reproduction are set to work with unremitting activity. Absorption, transformation and growth proceed over friend and foe with sublime impartiality. Her rains, her winds, her teeming insects and her chemic energies alike co-operate to restore man's wicked ravages. Ere long, flowers and fruits and green grass and yellow corn proclaim her kindness.

Nor is human nature left without redeeming feature. A living foeman stands over his enemy dead. His mind teems with remorseful thoughts. That dead man there; that man his hands have slain; that Abel to whom he has been a Cain, is not less goodly, not less god-like than himself. The living stoops to kiss the dead; and by that kiss those who were politically estranged become spiritually united. The kindness of human nature has overcome its cruelty.

Reconciliation!

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time be utterly lost,
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For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin—I
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Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face
in the coffin.

Reconciliation! Word over all, beautiful as the sky!

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Next to our beautiful Whitman I place the Irishman of whom Katherine Tynan told in a recent article on Armistice Day. She was trying to explain how pity had come again into human nature, and all the gentle things that had been hustled away came stealing softly back. He was an old man—this countryman of hers, this lovely Irishman—and his only son had been slain at Suvla, and the weapon of the slayer had reached even unto Ireland and slain also the mother of his boy; for so it is in the mad thing men call war. Yet, says the writer, it was this bereaved sufferer “who said to me the greatest of many great things I have heard. It was :

“ ‘ When my son sits down in Paradise, I pray that the Turk who killed him may sit down beside him.’ ”

Reconciliation ! Word over all, beautiful as the sky !

Lady Margaret Sackville, too, surely happened upon some such triumph of love; and then she penned “Reconciliation,” her pathetic two stanzas in *The Pageant of War* :

When all the stress and all the toil is over,
And my lover lies sleeping by your lover,
With alien earth on hands and brows and feet,
Then we may meet.

Moving sorrowfully with uneven paces, ~
The bright sun shining on our ravaged faces,
There, very quietly, without sound or speech,
Each shall greet each.

So shall it surely be at Mons and Ypres and Gallipoli and by the banks of the Marne. Thither shall resort the bereaved ones of both armies. Maid shall meet maid, and widow greet widow. Fathers shall look into the eyes of fathers, and

THE WORD OVER ALL.

sons scan the faces of sons. Then shall hand seek timidly for hand, and all shall wonder how such a thing could have been :

Reconciliation ! Word over all ! Beautiful as the sky !

There is another word of which we hear much in these noisy days ; it is the word " Reconstruction." A very good word. And a process to be set about with all diligence. But the word Reconciliation is of higher rank, and takes precedence, because it covers the things of man's spirit, whereas Reconstruction covers at best his material things, such as houses and factories, geographical rearrangements and political boundaries. But more. I submit that reconciliation as a spiritual event must necessarily precede reconstruction as a material and political event. If mutual reconciliation be not first effected, how can reconstruction be equitable, just, neighbourly and mutually advantageous ? If a dozen builders proceed to reconstruct a ruined mansion, each with a different plan in his head, each at secret variance with the others, what kind of reconstruction are you likely to have ? You would get only a Bedlam, fit for madmen. If with unreconciled spirits the rulers of the world proceed to rebuild the shattered ruin they have ~~created~~—well, I suppose they will succeed in their endeavour ; that is to say ; they will exactly and precisely rebuild—build over again—the world that was so bad even they had to destroy it. But we don't want the same world over again. We want a new world. If the same old world is rebuilt with the same old injustices and unfra-
ternities, the same old suspicions and jealousies, the same old industrial slaveries, the same old military systems, the same old trade barriers and

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closed doors, the same old alliances and balance of powers—why, of course, there follows, as the night the day, the same old wars and murders and slaveries and martyrdoms, the same old lies and lusts and hates and frenzies and intolerances as have made the world a horror, in comparison of which hell would be a Paradise !

I have heard of a fabulous corporation that determined to build a new madhouse, which was rendered necessary by the increasing number of people driven mad by their misrule. And they proceeded after the manner of their kind. They determined to use the material of the old madhouse to build the new one, and they would continue to use the old madhouse while the new one was being built !

Thus do the rulers who drove the world mad declare two contradictory propositions, and announce two policies which mutually destroy one another. They pompously intimate a new world—a world safe for democracy, and so on, and so forth—after which they proceed to build with the old aristocracies, the old feudalisms, the old capitalisms, the old diplomacies, the old secrecies, the old militarism, quite unaware—blind leaders of the blind !—that the Eternal is waiting to confound the wisdom of the wise, and to take the wise in their own craftiness. They resemble the rulers of old who had seen an empty vision, and spoken a lying divination, upon whom the prophet Ezekiel poured glorious scorn :

“ Because, even because they have seduced my people, saying, Peace, and there was no peace. And one built up a wall and, lo, others daubed it with untempered mortar :

“ Say unto them which daub it with untem-

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peréd mortar, that it shall fall; there shall be an overflowing shower; and ye, O great hailstones, shall fall; and a stormy wind shall rend it.

“Lo, when the wall is fallen, shall it not be said unto you, Where is the daubing wherewith ye have daubed it?

“Therefore, thus saith the Lord God, I will even rend it with a stormy wind in my fury; and there shall be an overflowing shower in mine anger, and great hailstones, in my fury, to consume it.

“So will I break down the wall that ye have daubed with untempered mortar, and bring it down to the ground, so that the foundation thereof shall be discovered, and it shall fall, and ye shall be consumed in the midst thereof: and ye shall know that I am the Eternal.”

Oh, builders of the League of Nations, beware how ye daub the walls of the shattered world with the untempered mortar of division and exclusiveness and unfraternity and unforgiveness! Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace! Still in thy inmost heart carry the sweet designs of peace! Forgive, as ye hope to be forgiven. Hold out the hand of friendship to those you have overthrown! Speak the word over all, beautiful as the sky, Reconciliation! Blazon in burning characters round the walls of your Conference Chamber these words of him to whom most of you pay at least a formal homage:

“Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar [of peace], and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee.

“Leave there thy gift before the altar [of peace], and go thy way. First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift”!

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To encourage you, O most Christian governors, I give you the example of one who had never heard of your Christian teacher, but did hearken to the God in his own soul. I quote from Goldsmith's *The Citizen of the World* :

The Chinese emperor Nangfu, being told that his enemies had raised an insurrection in a distant province—"Come, then, my friends," said he, "and I promise you that we shall quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "How!" cried his first minister, "is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise? Your ~~royal word~~ was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold you have pardoned all, and even caressed some!" "I promised," returned the emperor with a generous air, "to *destroy* my enemies. I have fulfilled my word; for see, there are no longer any enemies. I have turned them into *friends*!"

Shall it be said that Christians lack the magnanimity of Confucians? Some of us have not forgotten how that noble statesman, William Ewart Gladstone, was denounced for the magnanimity with which he effected an agreement with the Dutch Republics that Britain afterwards destroyed—the agreement known as "the Majuba settlement." His disbelieving friends shook their heads at what they called his sublime experiment, and viewed it with deep misgiving. He was reproached for his efforts to introduce the Gospel into politics, especially into foreign policy; and was reminded that the Gospel was not practicable; as if all our miseries did not

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come upon us because of our refusal to put it into practice! Besides, Gladstone's policy of magnanimity was a perfect success till we ourselves upset it by the treachery of some of our agents in South Africa. And since I have mentioned names, who does not know that it was Gladstone's like-minded successor, Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who by a similar policy made peace in South Africa, and kept the peace—and South Africa—from that day to this?

What do I mean by the Gospel of Magnanimity? It may be variously stated. Take this: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Or this, for a handy every-day version: "Live and let live!" Or this again: "I do not say unto you, 'Love your friends,' for anybody can do that; the worst of men and women can do that: but I say unto you, 'Love your enemies!'" Or, for an apostolic version, what say you to this: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

If now we ask, What is the prospect of these Gospel principles being put into operation? Truth compels me to reply, Very little! The word has gone forth that there is to be no religion in our politics. In the famous words of a recent Member of Parliament, "Nothing doing in Christianity"! Above all there must be no magnanimity. Magnanimity is a sort of treason. Mercy is unpatriotic. The cross of sacrifice has receded into the dim distance, and the warlike gods group themselves in the foreground—helmeted Mars and sooty Vulcan and Minerva with her ruddy spear; fiery Moloch and bloody

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Odin, and Valhalla where they drink to victory out of the skulls of their defeated victims. These be thy gods, O Christendom !

Driven out of politics and the Peace Conference, I know no spot on earth where the Gospel of Magnanimity can find a home. If, like a dove to its window, it flees to the House of Lords, the Bishops intercept it, crying, " Out, interloper ! What have gaiters and lawn sleeves to do with thee ? " If it descends to the House of Commons, the Sergeant-at-Arms throws it out as a suspected spy. If it speeds to Fleet Street and Printing House Square, it is repudiated with cynical candour, " Away ! We are journalists ! We do not profess to be Christians ! " If it wings its way to the Bank of England, the sentries ~~who~~ stand over England's gold prod it with the butt ends of their guns, saying, " Back, thou whom gold cannot buy, England has no need of thee ! " If, spent and wounded, it flutters to the Stock Exchange, it is hooted forth with execrations, " Begone, vile foe of usury and percentages, enemy of exploitations and investments and dividends and watered stocks and profiteering. Vile Bolshevist, begone ! " If, despairing, it seeks a refuge in St. Paul's Cathedral, making for the ~~horns~~ of the altar like the hunted victims of the ancient blood-feud, it is stopped at the chancel bar by the gloomy Dean, who reads it a lecture on its superstitious belief in progress and its fatuous faith in the possibility of human perfection, and dismisses it without benediction.

Then is the heart of the Dove of Magnanimity broken. As if it heard some far-away word over all, beautiful as the sky, it rises heavenwards, dropping just one feather to remind men of its existence, and disappears, perchance to rest in

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the bosom of Buddha or the breast of Jesus, those Brothers of Mercy who preached the gospel of forgiveness, and lived the life of benevolence and love. There it bides its time. And ever it hears the importunate sighs of the Elders under the throne, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

I am reminded, however, that isolated groups of Christians have ventured to say some timid words on behalf of the discredited gospel of love and forgiveness. Here is how the united clergy of German Switzerland make their appeal:—

"To the Christians of all Countries: As Christians and Swiss, having the right and duty to stand above the warring parties, we turn to the co-religionists of the whole world, especially the Protestants of France, England and America, and filled with sentiments of great anxiety we emphatically point to the fearful need which according to the most reliable reports has already and will yet still more become an indescribable threatening reality in Germany and Austria. We fear that owing to the heavy conditions imposed on these countries hundreds of thousands, especially of innocent children and women, will perish of debility and starvation if they do not soon receive a sufficient quantity of food. Still more do we fear that owing to the unceasing ruthless pressure German Christianity, feeling abandoned and despised by all the world, will fall a victim to the deadly feeling of bitterness which will make a real peace impossible and condemn the League of Nations to ineffectiveness even before its inception."

That was published nearly three months ago, in which time matters have grown very much worse. It is now undeniable by the most brazen liar that hundreds of thousands of men, women

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and children have perished by starvation in Russia, Austria and Germany, principally through the instrumentality of our blockade. Thousands are perishing at this moment. The great mass of those peoples who may survive are doomed to be permanently enfeebled, and their descendants for generations. Our South African Concentration Camps brought death to twenty thousand or twenty-five thousand Boer babies. But that massacre of the innocents was virtue compared to the crime of a naval blockade which threatens to exterminate millions of those the Entente Powers think fit to regard as enemies, and to leave the survivors physical wrecks, who must transmit their feebleness to posterity. Can it be possible that the Entente Powers—France, Italy, Great Britain—deliberately design to reduce the enemy countries by starvation, so that they shall be incapable of effective energy or opposition or competition for generations to come? It is very, very hard to believe. Hard to believe that the Lamentations of Jeremiah should be repeated under the rule of France and Britain :

Mine eyes do fail with tears.

Because the young children and the sucklings swoon in the streets of the city.

* They say to their mothers, Where is corn and wine?
“ When they swoon as the wounded in the streets of the city,
When their soul is poured out into their mothers' bosom...
Let tears run down like a river day and night,
Give thyself no respite ; let not the apple of thine eye cease ;
Arise, cry out in the night, at the beginning of the watches ;
Pour out thy heart like water before the face of the Lord ;
Lift up thy hands towards him for the life of thy young children

That faint for hunger at the top of every street.

But what said the War Secretary in the House of Commons? Listen :

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“Another matter calls for very prompt settlement—that is, the speedy enforcement of peace terms upon Germany. At the present moment we are bringing everything to a head with Germany, and holding all our means of coercion in full operation or in immediate readiness for use. We are enforcing the blockade with rigour, and have strong armies to advance at the shortest notice. Germany is very near starvation. All the evidence I have received from officers sent by the War Office all over Germany show; firstly, the great privations which the German people are suffering; and, secondly, the danger of a collapse of the entire structure of German social and national life under the pressure of hunger and malnutrition. Now, therefore, is the moment to settle. To delay indefinitely would be to run the great risk of having no one to settle with, and of having another great area of the world sinking into Bolshevik anarchy. That would be a very grave event. Now is the time for action.” And so forth.

Now, I will neither mince nor multiply words about this declaration of policy. I will say merely—speaking as a religious teacher and a British citizen—that a more cynical, a more inhuman, a more shameful utterance was never made even in the British House of Commons. I am taxed to uphold British policy, and I have a right to criticise it. I am a religious teacher, and I have a right to protest against national brutality. I do not forget that the War Secretary was the mouthpiece of a policy. That policy, according to his words, so far as it affects our late enemies, is two-fold: First, the physical reduction of Germany and Austria by starvation to the lowest possible point. Second, careful

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measurement of the exact amount of starvation they can endure without reaching the point at which, either they become too weak to work for the repayment of the debts and indemnities we mean to exact, or too desperate to be willing to pay them, in either of which cases the Entente Powers would have them at their mercy for generations to come. In brief phrase: the policy condenses itself into two words—"Starve" and "Pay." Starve, but not so much as to be unable to pay!

Well, if that is British policy—Entente policy—if those abominable principles, and the War Secretary's more abominable avowal of them represent the mind of the British Parliament, I hope they do not represent the mind of the British people. I am more certain they do not represent the mind of God. They cannot prosper. They cannot come to good. Had their very object been to create perpetual enemies for us in Russia and Central Europe they could not have been more skilfully contrived. Had they been deliberately designed to wreck the prospect of a League of Nations at Peace with one another, they could not have been more cynically concocted. The only League which could flourish on such conditions would be a League which had Beelzebub for its President and Mephistopheles for its Head Secretary.

I am thankful to believe there are forces stirring in this country and throughout the world which will checkmate such infamous policies, and hurl their authors from their seats of power. If the League of Nations proves a fraud, there will be a League of Peoples. If diplomacy again betrays us, Democracy will rouse up to save itself. Humanity will demand a

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securer basis for its new civilisation than the enfeeblement and enslavement of millions of its brothers and sisters. Humanity will announce its determination to build its new world on the broad basis of universal brotherhood and peace, equal rights and liberties, a place in the sun for all, and no babies anywhere starved for the sake of Empire !

Look on who will in apathy, and stifle they who can,
The sympathies, the hopes, the words, that make man truly
man ;

Let those whose hearts are dungeoned up with interest or with
ease

Consent to hear with quiet pulse of loathsome deeds like these !

Though we break our father's promise, we have nobler duties
first ;

The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed ;
Man is more than Constitutions ; better rot beneath the sod
Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false
to God !

We owe allegiance to the State ; but deeper, truer, more,
To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirit's core ;
Our country claims our fealty : we grant it so, but then
Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us Men.

He's true to God who's true to man ; wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us ; and they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

(J. Russell Lowell).

V.

CAN HATE HEAL ?

(July 14th, 1918.)

“ The Hate that Heals.”

(Title of Pamphlet by Rev. William C. Gannett, Cambridge, Mass, U.S.A.).

AFTER the Gospel of Reconciliation, it seems strange to be invited by a Christian teacher to believe in the healing power of hate. Let us see how this wonder may come to pass.

Strategy is one of the recognised methods of warfare. And since—with the exception of a negligible minority—the preachers of a warring nation support the particular war which happens to be on, the strategic method invades the pulpit, and we get a shifting about of principles and a movement of words corresponding to the evolutions and manœuvres of troops on the field. Dictionaries are strained to supply double meaning for sacred phrases. The roots of words are twisted to furnish forth holy sanctions for the giving and taking of life. Etymological science is made to speak with a Hebrew, a Greek, or a Roman accent according to the exigencies of the argument. The honest meaning of ancient texts is covered up behind a heap of casuistical camouflage, and these linguistic acrobatics are pushed to such an extreme that we are left wondering why right should after all be wrong, and wrong

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right; why up should so quickly become down, and down up; why national murders and international suicides should so suddenly become the right thing and the sane thing and the religious thing and the lawful thing; why love should all at once become the instrument of wounds and diseases and deaths, and hate should be the saving power, the remedial power, the healing power. Hate that used to be poison now becomes the poison's antidote! Hate that slew is now the hate that saves! Hate that cursed is now the hate that blesses! Lissauer's Hymn of Hate was after all the right thing! For, lo! it is now the heavenly function of hate—to heal!

These sentences are not to be mistaken for cynicism. They are the straightforward suggestions of a pamphlet which has lately come to me from across the Atlantic—a pamphlet of thirty-eight closely printed pages—a pamphlet emanating from the pen of one whom I know to be one of the sweetest of saints and the best of men, but who has reached the climax, surely, of pulpit perversity in the solemn proposition that hate heals. *The corruption of the best is the worst.* Here, surely, is a transvaluation of values which might stagger Nietzsche himself. For my part, I stand by the old values. I believe in the saving power of love. And I counter my American brother's proposition that hate can heal with the question, *Can hate heal?*

I confess that I have long ceased to be astonished at the weary sentimentalities whereby the preachers seek to reconcile the conscience of mankind to the war they are inclined to. Here, for instance, is an extract from Dr. Channing, brought forward to illustrate the mistaken spirit in which war finds its religious sanction:—

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"If, however, after long, forbearing, and un-availing applications to justice and humanity, the friends of freedom should be summoned by the voice of God within, and by his providence abroad, to vindicate their rights with other arms, to do a sterner work, to repel despotic force by force, may they not forget, even in this hour of provocation, the spirit which their high calling demands. Let them take the sword with awe, as those on whom a holy function is devolved. Let them regard themselves as ministers and delegates of him whose dearest attribute is mercy. Let them not stain their sacred cause by one cruel deed, by the infliction of one needless pang, by shedding without cause one drop of human blood."

One wonders how, with the records of human warfare before him, any good and wise man can expect war to be conducted without "one cruel deed," "one needless pang," or "shedding without cause one drop of human blood." Is there not here a desire to shut one's eyes to the reality of things? A mistaken desire to soothe the minds of the war-makers? I wish the stock phrase "draw the sword" could be eliminated from the vocabulary of war. It is so picturesque, so heroic, so cavalierly, so gentlemanly an act that it glosses over what is really meant by a declaration of war. The right phrases would be such as these: "Dig the trench," "drop the bomb," "unseal the poison gas," "get out the barbed wire," "charge the shell and the fire-ball." And worse than these, with which I cannot horrify you. It is the duty of the moralist to strip the veneer from the figure of the monster, and show him as he really is. War is the temporary suspension of the Ten Command-

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ments. To take that fact and huddle it up in a mass of ethical and religious verbiage is to perpetrate a fraud upon mankind. It was an American general who described war as "hell," and his word has awakened many echoes. To first create hell and then pretend that it can promote the kingdom of heaven is to juggle with moral values to the undoing of the world.

But I come back to the pamphlet. To do the writer justice he is guilty of a commendable inconsistency, or rather a splendid series of inconsistencies. Like the Hebrew Balaam he is uncertain whether to bless or curse. He begins by saying that crime should be followed by its appropriate hate—but quickly adds that hate must be followed by love. War is the failure, but may also be the success of civilisation. To that end, he says, we must develop the hate that is righteously due to the crime. A hate of the wrong done is a duty. There is a hate that is hell to both hater and hated, but there is also a hate that heals. But he insists that what we hate in our enemy we should hate in ourselves, and hate worse in ourselves than in him. That is sound enough morals.

Another very creditable inconsistency in the writer is the honest way in which he marshals other "Belgiums" along with the devastated Belgium of Germany. He does not fear to ask whether Great Britain has a Belgium of its own in Ireland, in Egypt, in India; whether France has not a Belgium in Morocco; Italy in Tripoli; Japan in Korea; and so on. He hints at other "scraps of paper" in Persia and elsewhere. But he is, one might say, more than fair when he charges home upon his countrymen the existence of no fewer than four Belgiums—the Red Indian

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Belgium, the Negro Belgium, the Filipino Belgium, and the Labour Belgium. And he rather trembles for the America that gives conscientious objectors twenty-five years' imprisonment for their inability to join in the military punishment of Germany for her Belgium.

But enough! I am weary of criticism and argument. I take my stand on the broad religious ground that love, and only love, can heal. I take the side of the sweet Sufi saint who said she was too busy loving God to have energy left to hate the devil.

I deny that it is ever right to do evil that good may come. I deny that the end justifies the means. I deny that the wrath of man can work the righteousness of God. I am all with the Buddha when he holds that the mightiest saving power is the power of forgiveness. I am all with the Christ when he declares that to love is to be perfect as the Father in heaven is perfect. And I am all with Booker Washington, one of the leaders of America's Negro Belgium, when he affirmed that nothing which men ever did to him would make him their enemy. I believe that "the fear of the Eternal is to hate evil," but I deny that such fear of God and hate of evil is a justification for the mutual killing of one another on the part of human beings. I differ entirely from Dr. Coleman Adams when, in the pages of *The Universalist Leader*, he attempts to mobilise the religious militancy of the American people by writing on "The Divine Law of Hate." I am humiliated and insulted by the vile incitements to hate placarded on our walls and hoardings. It is no justification to say that similar means are employed in the countries of Germany and Austria to keep the spirit of their

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peoples up to fighting pitch. Probably it is so, the more's the pity. And were I a German or an Austrian, as I am a Scotsman, I would disclaim them there as vigorously as I do here, and take the consequences as I do here.

I was reading the other day that the heart of the humming-bird is three times the size of its stomach when full; and that the humming-bird is unequalled among birds for its activity and incessant movements. Ah, if the loves of men could be enlarged how would their saving activities be increased! For what can hate but breed more hate? I will tell you what brings men to their better selves—understanding does, sympathy does, forbearing does, and reasoning does. Has this wise and mighty people of Great Britain no need of, no use for, the people who cannot hate? Can it only clap in jail those citizens who do not find it in them to hate their fellow-mortals, their fellow-sinners? Is there no room for the lover of men who fights evil with the weapons which are not carnal, the weapons which are spiritual yet mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, to the casting down of proud imaginations and the wickedness enthroned in high places? The Lord have mercy on the country that has no room for, no use for, the men and women who are thus minded!

I am completely puzzled—and were not my faith founded on a rock I would be sore shaken in my mind—by the kind of religion which is extant in war time. My religion has never wavered. Whether it be Christianity or Buddhism or Judaism or Islam or Baháism, or none of these, or the essence of all of them, as I think it is—the fact is my religion has never changed its nature, though it has changed its forms of

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expression. To me, religion has always meant good-will, and not ill-will; religion is sympathy and kindness, and not hardness; religion is truth, and not lying and deception; religion is self-condemnation, rather than pharisaical condemnation of others; religion is doing no evil that good may come; religion is choosing the righteous means to the righteous end; religion is doing, and not merely claiming, justice; religion is showing, and not merely seeking, mercy; religion is trying to overcome evil with good; religion is the effort to make and keep my country right, and not the immoral principle, "My country right or wrong"! That is my religion. And no one will have the hardihood to deny that if it were the religion of Europe the war would stop to-day, and the hordes of fighting men would be arrested in their offensives and counter-offensives and stand like painted figures on a mimic battlefield!

I confess I am not able to assume the comfortable frame of mind according to which one side of a great conflict is all right and the other all wrong; one quite unselfish and the other quite selfish; one standing for God and the other for devil. Some of the power of sympathetic imagination would deliver us from that self-righteous error. The moral boundaries of things do not march along the geographical frontiers in that mechanical fashion. Moral boundaries are not cut down perpendicularly or drawn in dividing lines. They cut across horizontally, and are found in all groups and nations. From a sackful of similar evidences, let me give a single instance. Take this letter from a German theological student unwillingly at the front:—

"If I were not firmly convinced that even this

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war will help to establish the Kingdom of God, it could hardly endure it. But I believe that, after passing through this hell, humanity will come to itself, and learn to believe in the reign of human brotherhood.

"I can't tell you the moral suffering I go through. These butcheries are utter madness. I can't forget for a moment that our enemies are men, and consequently our brothers.

"If I am permitted to be one of the survivors, all my strength will henceforth be devoted to the task of extracting from this war some moral advantage for the good of humanity and of Christendom, for which, during the past 2,000 years, Christianity has been a dead letter. I shall give myself wholly to the pacifist movement.

"We shall be obliged to continue the war until the blindest recognise that all war is madness, and until the ardent wish for Peace which shall finally unite the nations has become general. It will be a long time yet.

"I don't know of any holy war. I only know that a war is the sum of everything inhuman, impious, bestial in man, and that it is a Divine chastisement, and a call to repentance for any people which throws itself into it, or which allows itself to be drawn into it. God sends men through this hell that they may learn to love heaven. For the German people, too, this war seems to me to be a chastisement and a call to repentance. And, in the first place, for our German Church."

Thus we see that the Divine can speak in German or Turk as well as in Briton or American. What but the prejudice and passion of war obscures the fact all so readily acknowledged in peace time? The student just quoted referred

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to the German Church. And portions of the German Church have spoken.

Take this proclamation signed by hundreds of German Protestant pastors in all parts of the empire, and issued on the Anniversary of the Reformation by the clergy of Berlin, of all places—Berlin, mind you ! I quote from *The Christian*.

“ We German Protestants, conscious of Christian principles and aims, heartily stretch out a brotherly hand to all co-religionists, including those of enemy countries.

“ We recognise as the deepest causes of this War the anti-Christian powers dominating the lives of the peoples, *e.g.*, suspicion, idolatry of force, and covetousness; therefore, a Peace based on mutual agreement and reconciliation is, in our opinion, the peace that must be brought about.

“ We believe that the chief obstacle to an honest understanding among nations is the pernicious rule of lies and phrases, through which Truth is silenced or distorted, only spreading delusion and folly; and we call on all, in every country, who wish for peace, to stand up and resolutely combat this obstacle.

“ Faced by this terrible War, we feel it to be a conscientious duty to strive henceforth, in the name of Christianity, with all determination, to eradicate War from the world as a means of settling disputes among nations.”

And here, furthermore, is a similar proclamation issued by a group of pastors in Hanover :—

“ Above the country stands, embracing all nations, the Kingdom of God, whose Gospel says : ‘ Justice, Peace, Love.’ For this it is our elemental duty to stand, as against the greed of

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gold and materialism, which had their share in the making of this war.

"We are happy to notice similar Christian and moral demands put forward in neutral and enemy countries, and are confident that this new (though eternally old) spirit of the Kingdom of God will break its way through every barrier, thus bringing the various peoples a future of justice and happiness."

That is the voice of many who speak to us from the lands we call "enemy countries."

I rejoice to be able to balance the thing somewhat by a responsive resolution passed by a small group of liberal Christians in the United States. Here it is:—

"Resolved, That in the declarations of certain Christian ministers and others that have been reported to us from Germany we joyfully recognise the spirit of Christian brotherhood, the spirit that rises above the barriers of nationality and holds in bonds of mutual love all true followers of Christ in whom there is neither Jew nor Gentile, neither American nor German. In the present dark and sad time of war we welcome such expressions and heartily reciprocate them to our Christian brethren in Germany, seeing in them foregleams of the day for which we long, when the nations shall not make war any more, but shall dwell together in mutual goodwill."

I am waiting for a group of British Christians to cover themselves with moral glory by issuing similar proclamations. With the important exception of the Society of Friends I know of none such.

I am very sure, however, that the spirit of true religion has not perished altogether in our

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land. A day will come when the threats which are at present held over men's heads will be withdrawn, and we shall be gladdened and surprised by an outburst of international religion and good-will which will go far to undo the mischief wrought by the hate-makers of all countries. In the dark meantime, be it our blessed privilege to assist in keeping alive the ancient 'faith' in Divine, Fatherhood and Human Brotherhood; to proclaim the essential goodness of human nature in all nations and colours and faiths and political forms. May we never succumb to the wicked heresy that the State has dominion over the consciences of individuals! May we never submit to be terrorised by unjust authority or mob-law or newspaper slander! May we never surrender to the forces of reaction and unbrotherhood and misrule! May we feel the thrill of those electric threads of sympathy which stretch from land to land, and may we be of the company of those who strive to keep a little love alive in a hating world, a little sympathy alive in a brutal time, a little charity and a little generosity alive in a cruel stress of antagonisms and a strife of tongues and pens more venomous and malignant than the clash of armed men!

I observe that the exigencies of war time have caused a new celebration—a new day—to emerge at a time when almost every day is a celebration of one phase or another of the war. To-day—July 14th—is, I gather from the newspapers, being celebrated as “Bastille” Day in the United States, by the Army and Navy, and by the President himself. I would suggest as the most appropriate celebration of Bastille Day the opening of the prisons in all Allied Countries that

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the 'men confined there for conscience' sake should go free to serve their country according to their own sense of duty and religion and citizenship. How can we, without hypocrisy, celebrate the fall of the Bastille when we cage behind prison bars many of the best spirits of our time?

The mention of the Bastille suggests greater thoughts than these. Many of us have stood on the Pont de la Concorde in Paris, and gazed up and down the Seine in wonder and admiration, pondering the romantic history of the great scene spread out before our eyes. Among other things, we recalled that many of the stones composing the very bridge we stood on had been taken from the demolished Bastille. What could have been more fitting than to take the stones of the shattered prison and fashion them into a bridge whereon the feet of men might walk at liberty from side to side the river?

Which thing is an allegory. The war system of the civilised world is its Bastille—its dark and cruel and loathsome prison wherein the souls of millions are bound and fettered and tortured and done to death. Be it ours to help in the demolition of that cruel system of war, and to take its wealth and power and prestige to build Bridges of Concord between the sundered peoples!

VI.

A CONQUER'D WOE !

(ON THE SIGNING OF THE ARMISTICE).

(*November 17th, 1918.*)

" Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow

" Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;

" Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,

" To linger out a purposed overthrow."

(*Shakespeare, Sonnet xc.*)

WHEN good men justify war by commending hate as one of the healing powers of the political world, we expose the fallacy by the simple plan of pointing to the condition and prospects of mankind at the conclusion of the great war.

Shakespeare gives our key-note. He speaks of a conquered woe, yet hastens to add that the woe might not be wholly conquered. The sufferer in the sonnet dreads that another sorrow may come in the rearward of the sorrow he has just overcome ; that a rainy morrow may follow a windy night, and drag him through lingering misery to final overthrow.

To embark on another attempt to interpret the problem sonnets of Shakespeare is no part of my design. We have other tasks ; because we have other conquests and escapes, other woes,

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Other sorrows, other prospects of windy nights
and rainy morrows and lingering miseries and
possible overthrow.

Technically, the war has ended; or will have
ended when the terms of peace are signed, as
we may assume they will be. The belligerent
nations have left behind them their millions
dead, whispering in ghostly syllables :

Our wars are done, our battles at an end,
Conquest nor overthrow delights nor grieves;
Let us lie down again, as friend with friend,
Under the leaves.

But to the living is left this conquer'd woe, or
this woe yet to conquer them. To the living is
committed the task of making the conquest com-
plete, or involving themselves and mankind in
more ruinous overthrow. To German imperial-
ism the alternative once presented itself as
World-power or Down-fall—"Weltmacht oder
Niedergang"—and a similar alternative presents
itself to those nations who are left in a position
to make great decisions. For them the choice is
World-peace or Down-fall.

Meantime, while they are making up their
minds, let us comfort our sore hearts in the fact
that peace has come. Even though it is not a
smiling peace it nevertheless is peace, and we
welcome it with relief and gratitude. Long live
Peace!

Ended is the human slaughter, and that is
much. O the joy of welcoming the dawn without
the horrid cloud of the thousands slain overnight
coming between one and the sun! I cannot
imagine what can now be the morning prayers
of the gentle Christian who told me he never
got out of bed in the morning without thanking

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God that there were in the world ten thousand fewer Germans than there were the day before; but my own morning thoughts are winged with thankfulness that thousands of Germans and Britons and Americans and Frenchmen and Russians and Turks, and all the rest without exception, live to rejoice the hearts of mothers and wives; live to become the husbands of happy maidens and the fathers of a future generation; live to drive the plough and ply the loom and wield the hammer and sing the songs of home and love and freedom.

That thought must, I suppose, be the justification of the way vast numbers of our countrymen and countrywomen received the tidings of peace. The lifting of the load sent them down the street and into the public square in various grotesque dances, and with weird cries and improvised instruments of noise and uproar, and the waving of all the totems of patriotism. The village lad thought it good to wheel the tidings along on a bicycle flying a twopenny Union Jack, with a bottle of stout in each of his pockets.

Well, I am a humanist, and I sympathise with all honest feeling, however unworthy be the channels through which it flows. That unworthiness is not so much a reproach to the persons concerned as a reproach to the civilisation which continues to produce persons capable of no higher flights in one of the greatest crises through which mankind has hitherto passed. Many of us wished to go where were veiled faces and hearts of prayer. The official cathedral where were offered official praises and *Te Deums* for the edification of the high and mighty did not attract us. I pass over the hysteria which afflicted so great a portion of the public press, resulting in

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such rhodomontade as it is almost a sin to quote : "This is the peak, the apex, the summit of human history. All that follows and succeeds is anticlimax. . . . Mankind will never behold an hour more supreme, a moment more supernal," and so on *ad nauseam*. A distinguished journalist came perilously near the blasphemies they used to deride in their, now dis-crowned foe : "We are the legatees of heaven, the executors of Providence."

My indulgent friends, I must cast myself upon your tolerance if I do not seem to rise to the heights the great argument assumes to you. When I meditated the theme of this address, I hoped and expected to come before you with nothing but joy in my heart and felicitations on my lips. But the nature and manner of the peace appear to me to be fraught with dangerous possibilities, and I cannot be so false to my trust as to pretend not to see them. Rejoicing is well ; but irrational rejoicing is not well.

You may compare me if you like to Ezekiel's Watchman of Israel. If, when danger approached the city, the watchman sounded the trumpet, whosoever heard the sound and took not warning, his blood would be upon his own head. But if danger approached and the watchman blew not the trumpet, so that the people were not warned, then whosoever was taken away from among the people, his blood would be required at the watchman's hand. Bloodguiltiness is a terrible crime. The faithful watchman at least delivers his own soul.

I am not afraid of the empty gibe that I have come to reverse the part of Balaam, the son of Beor, who was brought to curse the tribes of Israel and remained to bless. I came to dis-

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course of a conquer'd woe, and now I darkly hint there are woes yet to come. I cannot help it. And strange to say, Shakespeare lends himself more than I had anticipated. He feared that the woe which seemed to be conquer'd had others in its train. It suggests the words of Hamlet's queen-mother to her son when she came to intimate Ophelia's drowning :

One woe doth tread upon another's heel.

Were there among us a mournful Ezekiel, he might again envisage the miraculous hand which spread before him the roll of lamentation, the roll that was written within and without with lamentations and mourning and woe.

One writer, as I notice, drew attention to the fact that while the morning of Armistice Day was bright, gloom settled down later on, prophetic, as he feared, of the depression which must settle over the land as the results of these four tragic years gradually unfold. May it not be so ! May the omen be belied ! Yet I fear !

Sometimes when we see a new moon, we cry that we see the old moon in her arms ! Thus I seem to see the sparks of the old fires waiting to kindle new conflagrations. Tremendous are the possibilities of difference and disaster in the coming attempts to settle the world's affairs. Would that we could be buoyed up on Isaiah's faith as he pours it out in his magnificent Fortieth Chapter ! Would that we, like him, could comfort ourselves in God and the future ! But we cannot do that unless we design our new world according to King Asoka's "Law of Piety," so beautifully set forth among his Rock Edicts : "This is the chiefest conquest, in his Majesty's opinion ; the conquest by the Law of

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Piety; this also is that effected by his Majesty both in his own dominion and in all the neighbouring realms. . . . And the conquest which has thereby been everywhere effected causes a feeling of delight. Delight is to be found in the conquests made by the Law. . . . My sons and grandsons may not suppose it to be their duty to effect a new conquest . . and may regard as the only true conquest that which is effected through the Law of Piety, which avails both for this world and the next."

There sounded forth again the Golden Rule, from the pen of a man, a king—a manly king and a kingly man—ruling in Buddhist India three hundred years before the advent of Christianity! Behold again how native to the heart of man, how universal in all races and religions, is the heavenly prompting to do unto others as we would wish others to do to us! This is the Law, the Prophets, and the Apostles: all the rest is commentary. Only by natural piety, by humanity, by thoughtful consideration, by regard to the higher laws of God, can the woe of the war be completely conquer'd.

I cannot profess that I am quickened into hope by the way the peace feeling shapes itself as the days go by. Unless I terribly misjudge, many people are more sorry to have their wages cut or to lose their jobs, than they are glad that peace has come. Many are more proud of victory than they are pleased with peace. There appears to be but little sense of the inherent sin of war. I see but slight signs of awakening conscience. I see that the politicians are already at their old games of vote-snatching to the exclusion of the great world-aims which alone should be their care. I see that finessing and trimming and wire-

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pulling have already taken the place of the reunion of humanity on the basis of freedom, fraternity, and peace. I see that it will take the friends of righteousness and the forces of progress their last ounce of power if they are to snatch civilisation out of the jaws of reaction, and pluck world-peace from the very ribs of militarism.

Thus within six short days we are possessed by a strange sadness in contrast to the exuberance of last Monday; and this foreboding is, I notice, not confined to moralists, like myself, but is spreading through both classes and masses, "men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth." We had looked for the thunder-cloud to lift from our sky, and lo, it is as when clouds return after the rain! We now see that our prophets were right when they told us that though a world could be wrecked in four years, ten times four years would not suffice to restore it. We now know that we must strive as we have never striven before if we are to draw together the sundered peoples and cement them with the everlasting mortar of faith and friendship. We are now beginning to realise—and to tremble while we realise—that the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. We now begin to understand—and to tremble while we understand—that when we bring a nation to the point of economic exhaustion we exhaust many other things besides that nation's resources; we exhaust our own chivalry, our own pity and clemency and sweetness; we exhaust that other people's faith and fellowship and co-operation and good feeling.

I wish—O how much I wish!—we could bear

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this moral principle hard upon the mind of each ruler and commander of men at this fateful time—the principle, namely, that no ill or sorrowful thing can be remedied except by the removal of that which brought it to pass. The woe which afflicts can be conquer'd only as that which caused it is conquer'd. Otherwise, we shall have to lament with Macbeth after he had murdered Duncan and planned the murder of Banquo: “We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it.” We set out to kill the snake of war, and already we hear rumours of other wars. We have not kill'd the snake, only scotch'd it; even if so much as that. We shall not have killed the war-snake till we have killed the causes of its existence in racial imperialism and aggressive colonialism and capitalistic exploitation at home and abroad. The fundamental question—as Mr. Wells puts it—is this: How far has the war put the fear of God into the hearts of responsible men?

Green Earth forgets.

The gay young generations mask her grief;
Where bled her children hangs the loaded sheaf.
Forgetful is green Earth. The gods alone
Remember everlastingly; they strike
Remorselessly and ever like for like:
By their great memories the gods are known.

I take a passing glance at the terms of armistice. As a moralist I single out one item as appearing to me to be likely to jeopardise that good feeling which is necessary to secure future peace. A daily paper which has steadily supported the war remarks: “More crushing, more humiliating, more unequivocal terms have seldom, if ever, been imposed on a defeated Great

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Power," and apparently exults to have it so. Another finds satisfaction in the belief that the waters of the magic Rhine "will become to them [the Germans] the bitterest that they have ever tasted." It is asserted that the terms could not have been more severe had they been imposed on the Kaiser instead of on the people who have deposed him; and the opinion is expressed that the German democracy need expect no more consideration than the German autocracy. My own fears are great with regard to the Allied resolve to continue the blockade, while provisioning the German populace during the continuance of the armistice, provided their political conditions and methods in the meantime remain such as the Allies approve of. In other words, the German nation is to be quartered on the charity of Europe and America, as a pauper nation, conditional upon its good behaviour. It seems to me the memory of that is likely to gnaw at the heart of Germany long after the hunger of the body has been forgotten.

By this arrangement also, the internal affairs of Germany are placed at the mercy of the Allied Powers. By the simple process of giving or refusing supplies the Allied Powers can help or hinder, can perfect or utterly destroy that democratisation of Germany now so hopefully begun. It will be a crime against humanity if the lives of women and babes are to be made to depend upon the political rearrangements of their country.

It appears to me, in short, that great numbers of people in the Allied countries are rejoicing in a conquer'd foe more than a conquer'd woe. They are happier in the downfall of Germany than in the downfall of militarism. Some Allied

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Governors appear to be more determined to push their respective claims than to make this the last war and to restore the reign of right throughout the world. After the numerous promises to enter into negotiations with a reformed or democratised Germany, great danger lurks in any appearance of postponing those negotiations, or making them dependent on Allied approval of such internal arrangements as the German democracy may alone find possible. If the world is to be made safe for democracy, the democracy itself must do it; and one cannot banish the fear that the lip service rendered to democracy in many quarters may now display itself in its true character. If the Allied plea of keeping order in Austria and Germany should by interested parties be turned against the natural development of social democracy in those countries, then, indeed, will Shakespeare's rainy morrow follow on the heel of a windy night. The plea of "order" has so often been the tyrant's plea that we cannot but look with uneasiness upon its application to the Central European peoples in the delicate, difficult, and dangerous tasks which now confront them.

Such are some of the considerations which make me apprehensive lest the woe of the war should not be fully and finally conquer'd; and it is in order, that it may be so conquer'd that I touch upon them.

Further, I must own to a truly religious aversion to the spirit of hypocrisy which, if I rightly interpret, animates many of our writers and public men. I dislike the constant assumption that we are the perfect people. The spirit of the humbugs of Jeremiah's day is abroad in the land—the spirit which fondles itself and cries:

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"The temple of the Lord, The temple of the Lord, The temple of the Lord" are we! I imagine few of us would select John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, for our ideal politician and patriot, and yet the words put by Shakespeare into his mouth are—some of them—quoted *ad nauseam*, apart from their context, in such a way as to flatter our island self-complacency till we almost come to believe that wisdom and virtue will die with us. An enterprising firm has even tagged them on to its advertisement, airing its island patriotism with a due regard to the patriotism of the pocket :

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happy lands.

That is the political counterpart to Jeremiah's "Temple of the Lord are we" !

Such island patriotism was in place in Shakespearean and Elizabethan times, but is quite out of date at a time when Great Britain has blossomed out into an empire; when a channel tunnel is on the way to break down the wall of separation and fill up the moat of defence; and when internationalism and world-federation has become the order of the day. And if random quoters, writers in search of a tag, business men out for exploitation, would read to the end of John of Gaunt's autocratic and high-sounding pronouncement, they would find contemptuous reference to certain "rotten parchment bonds"—(trifles like Magna Charta)—which recalls certain similar references of more recent times as to which neither Belgians nor British were supposed to entertain a very high opinion !

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All honour to honest sentiment; but we need an armistice to all this claptrap! I would place a considerably higher value on these platonic protestations of love for liberty and right and justice if our politicians would simply open the prison doors and let British political prisoners go free, as Germany has done. That is a simple test of love's sincerity. Unbar the gaols and let the fifteen hundred men imprisoned 'for conscience' sake go free! Release the three thousand men tied to serfdom on the land and in other occupations for conscience' sake, and let them walk at large to serve their country with their highest! Release those who have been incarcerated without trial, and let them be free to serve their country in this time of her need! Let not the tongues of the proud and the conventional and the orthodox and the prejudiced and the popular be the only tongues which can be heard. Let the earnest and the convinced—the men with messages, the men with convictions, the men with knowledge and courage and experience and first-hand facts—let these men be released and their shameful disfranchisement be removed, and let them be free to aid their country in those counsels and conflicts which must precede the General Election!

O, fellow-countrymen, my friends, is it not such a peace as this we need? Is it not such a peace we want? We desire the holy name of peace writ high where neither knave nor fool can pluck it down. We desire not a peace which is written on prison doors and attended by the thwarting of the legitimate aspirations and principles of social democracy. We want no peace which perpetuates the people's poverty of mind as well as pocket, which takes no stock of fellow-

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ship and fraternity and friendship the world over,
We want the woe to be conquer'd, to be fully
and finally conquer'd, so that there may verily
and in truth be an end of war. It is for that
reason I deal out plain words and faithful, some
echo of which might haply reach the ears of those
who have the making or the wrecking of
humanity's future.

O Lord of Peace, who art Lord of Righteousness,
Constrain the anguished worlds from sin and grief,
Pierce them with conscience, purge them with redress,
And give us peace which is no counterfeit!

From Elizabeth Barrett Browning I borrow
that good word "counterfeit." The peace can-
not be other than counterfeit if it brings with it
less than a world-wide federation of peoples and
mutual disarmament. The United States of
America have long been federated. Why cannot
the United States of Europe be federated also?
Why cannot the League of Peoples be consum-
mated in these oncoming months? Surely now,
with its infinity of railways, steamships, tele-
graphs, travellers, books, international clubs,
societies and associations, trades, commerce, poli-
tics—surely the world is now one vast parish,
and might be as sensibly governed as any English
village did men truthfully and ethically desire
that it should be so governed. Aye, and peace-
fully too. But nations, like men, must learn to
give and take. Empires, like men, must give and
take. No nation can have all the plums in the
pudding. Equal rights and reciprocal duties for
all peoples; big and little, white, black, brown
or olive; Christian, Moslem, Hindu, Confucian,
Mumbo-jumbo totemist, Grand Lama or Grand
Panjandrum, just because they are human beings

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With hearts to love and backs to feel—that is the goal of good government, the end of all true religion and genuine politics; whence we conclude that a General Election is redeemed from farce only in proportion as it brings the nation a hairsbreadth onward in the path. Let every good man and woman see to it.

Thus only can the war become a conquer'd woe.

VII.

THE MISSION OF MAN.

(July 6th, 1919.)

“ The son of man is not come to destroy men’s lives, but to save them (*Luke ix.*, 56).

THE woe of war being yet unconquered—woe still following upon woe—we are led to consider what is the true mission of man in this world. An uncanonical Christian writer prescribes the theme. For though I have taken these words from the accepted version of the Christian scriptures, they do not really belong to them. They form one of the numerous late additions to the original manuscripts. Therefore the Revised Version rightly omits them.

Yet I cannot but be grateful to the unknown copyist who put these words into the original text. So nobly and perfectly do they express man’s mission on earth that they ought to be added to the Bibles of all races. The son of man is not come to destroy men’s lives, but to save them.

A vast amount of critical ingenuity has been expended on the interpretation of the three words “son of man,” which occur about eighty times in the New Testament. I will not vex you with so much as a summary of the controversy. I have a sufficient amount of scholarship on my

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side when I affirm my opinion that the term indicates nothing more than "man"; that is, man simply; man in his individual being, and also man as a species. According to that interpretation, Jesus regarded himself as just a son of Adam like the rest of his brethren, though with grander views and higher aims than the majority, in virtue of which he was teacher and leader like some who had gone before him, and some who would come after. The phrase "son of man" associates the speaker with ordinary human needs and conditions, and implies that profound sympathy by which he accepted the sacrifices and sufferings which came to him as an individual of the human race, conscious, however, of his relationship to, and fellowship with, all other members of it. It is the expression of a man who made no special claim to divine origin or nature, but owned his kinship with humanity in the aggregate, a teacher of humane principles which he strove to make effective in human society, thus involving himself in opposition and conflict, and bringing his career to an untimely end by martyrdom. As a man among men he made himself servant to all, wearing no saintly aureole, seeking and saving the lost, forgiving those who did him injury, declaring that it was the mission of man—not to destroy men's lives, but—to save them.

The final touch of universalism is imparted by the knowledge that a similar conception is contained in the Old Testament, especially the Book of Daniel; and in the Rig Veda, the ancient source of Indian religion; as also in Greek philosophy; and in Philo the Hellenistic Jew who fused together the religions of the East and West. We accept the universal word. Man's

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vocation in this life and on this planet is—not destruction, but—salvation.

The word is a startling commentary on the dual interpretation given to the doctrine of human evolution. You know that the Darwinian doctrines—the struggle for existence, natural selection, and the survival of the fittest—have been expressed more like doctrines of devils than a gospel of God. They have been held to justify exploitation, imperialism and war. The race was supposed to be to the swift and the battle to the strong. The weakest must always go to the wall, and the devil take the hindmost. The carnivores, red in tooth and claw, were held to prescribe the rule and law to human beings. The son of man was come to destroy men's lives. That is what I call a doctrine of devils.

But here is a word which expresses a high and divine interpretation of evolution. It represents mankind as coming up above the carnivores and dragons of the prime. With the arrival of mankind upon this planet there has evolved a new type, a new power, a new law. It is differentiated from the old types by the fact that its mission is to preserve and develop life. By his beautiful religious instinct, Henry Drummond described the process as "The Ascent of Man," whereas Darwin presented it as "The Descent of Man." By a stroke of genius, Drummond turned Darwin's science into religion. According to Darwin's science, men came down from the beasts; and no doubt that was a correct account of man's physical lineage. But according to Drummond's religion, man came up towards God; which, I believe, is an equally correct account of man's spiritual destiny. Therefore,

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The appearance of man out of the chaos and conflict of past ages; the emergence of humanity after the long generations from animalcule to ape, is to be regarded as a new birth, giving a new direction to life, a new goal to the planet's progress, a new consciousness to the planetary mind. If the fish and reptile, and insect and bird, and animal races were characterised by destruction, the new human race is characterised by salvation. Its desire and ability to save differentiates it from the races whose desires and powers were to destroy. The son of man has come to save men's lives. That is what I call a gospel of God.

Now if religion and science be thus united, a further and very important application of natural law is necessary. We know that the survival of those who are fitted to survive is by the process known as conformity to type. Those species which conformed to type survived, while those who did not conform to type perished. If we apply that law to the human species, we reach the fact that those human beings, or groups of human beings, who conform to the human type, shall survive, while those individuals, or groups, which fail to conform to the human type shall pass away. But if the human type is a type that saves, the human beings, or groups, who make salvation the law of their lives, shall survive, while those who make destruction their law shall be themselves destroyed. Such as persist in living after the lower types, the destructive types from which they have descended, are called degenerate, and decay, while those who select the high type, the saving type, and maintain it, shall survive and hand on their higher type to succeed-

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ing races. In the old metaphor: "Those who take the sword shall perish by the sword." Amid the greeds and stupidities of our day, let that clear and definite law never fade out of our minds. It will make plain much that would else be obscure. It will sustain us amid much that would else discourage.

With oceans heedless round her feet,
And the indifferent heavens above,
Earth shall the ancient tale repeat
Of wars and tears, and death and love;
And, wise from all the foolish Past,
Shall peradventure hail at last

The advent of that morn divine,
When nations may as forests grow,
Wherein the oak hates not the pine,
Nor beeches wish the cedars woe,
But all, in their unlikeness, blend,
Confederate to one golden end—

Beauty: the Vision whereunto,
In joy, with pantings, from afar,
Through sound and odour, form and hue,
And mind and clay, and worm and star—
Now touching goal, now backward hurled—
Toils the indomitable world.

" (William Watson.)

It is an unfortunate circumstance that the Christian Church has appeared to find something dubious about the teaching attributed to Jesus, the alleged speaker of our text. It is true that the early Christians appeared to find no such dubiety, but held war to be improper and unlawful. Origen, Tertullian, and others, leave no room for doubt. But with the gradual growth of ecclesiasticism, the unlawfulness and impropriety of war became less and less pronounced.

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That process went on for three hundred years, until, with the advent of political Christianity under the Roman Emperor Constantine, it reached completion, and the Christian Church took to destroying men's lives quite cheerfully; made kings its puppets, nations its pawns, and peoples mere food for powder. In justification, political Christianity has assiduously exploited the dubious or inconsistent elements in the New Testament. Jesus, it argues, never specifically condemned war, which is as true and as misleading as to say that he never specifically condemned idolatry, or slavery, or suicide, or polygamy. Political Christianity makes great play with the saying, "not peace but a sword," and the incident known as the cleansing of the temple, where the teacher is represented as laying violent hands on men and sheep. On the other hand, even militant Christianity cannot deny the force of such sayings as "Blessed are the peacemakers," "Resist not him that is evil," "Put up thy sword within its sheath, for they who take the sword shall perish by the sword," "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight." It is plain that the speaker forbade his own forcible rescue from his enemies.

Beaten at its own game of text-mongering, military Christianity falls back upon the subterfuge that even if the Nazarene forbade his followers to fight for themselves, that does not exonerate them from the duty of fighting on behalf of others: which, however, is again countered by the fact that the teacher suffered John the Baptist, who was his alleged friend and cousin and forerunner, to be imprisoned for months, and finally put to death, without making

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the slightest attempt to rescue him. To me, those tangled tales of ancient saints and heroes do not matter anyhow. Whether Jesus approved or condemned, war is to me a wicked and immoral thing; an inhuman thing; a thing contrary to human nature and the purposes for which man has been evolved. The son of man has not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.

At the same time, any honest reading of the New Testament must recognise it to be, on the whole, a peace-book, not a war-book. A similar remark is true of the Old Testament. The Jesus whom the New Testament presents consistently elevated love over hate. If he did not formally condemn war, he condemned the passions which lead to war. That, after all, is the longest but only sure way of getting rid of it.

It is much the same with the Epistles. Paul, the alleged writer of most of them, it is objected, never condemned militarism, was friendly with such soldiers as came his way, and as a writer was fond of military metaphors. On the other hand, it is plain he and his comrades completely refrained from enlisting carnal force on the side of truth. If they encouraged the fighting qualities of human nature, it was not with a view to their enlistment on the side of soldiering and killing, but on the side of moral causes, the salvation of souls and bodies, and by moral suasion only. If, as tradition represents, Paul was a little man of weakly physique, his tremendous spirit sought to restore the balance by strong metaphors drawn from the Olympian games and gladiator shows. He took his fighting out in moral warfare. A great passage in Second Corinthians makes that perfectly plain: "Though we walk

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in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh : For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds : Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

Enough. The New Testament makes for peacedom, not wardom. In a fighting age, it established the religious and scientific proposition that the mission of man was not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. A Jesus who favoured war and whose followers resorted to it, would have resembled the baffled King Arthur at his last great battle in the West, and, when from his cross he surveyed the future of a warring and militarised Christendom devoted to mutual destruction, might have moaned :

For I, being simple, thought to work his will,
And have but stricken with the sword in vain ;
And all whereon I leaned in wife and friend
Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm
Reels back into the beast, and is no more.
My God, thou hast forgotten me in my death.

On my return from the National Peace Congress, it is natural that my mind should be turned towards the importance and the possibility of creating a warless world. The first step is to create a pacifist pulpit. Until the pulpits preach international brotherhood, and protest against machine-guns and battleships, and poison-gas and bombing airships, the use of these infernal machines will continue. Germany was not the only country that sought world-power. There are Americans who talk of making the United States a great world-power, and of building a

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navy that can lick creation. Britannia has long enough aspired to rule the waves, knowing that the country which rules the sea rules the world. Japan . . . well, we know. No! Germany was not a sinner above all that dwelt in Jerusalem! Unless we repent, we shall all likewise perish!

I see that there is a great place waiting for some ambitious nation. There is a place to be filled so proud and great and glorious that no people has yet been found with courage and ambition enough to seek to fill it. I mean the place of a pacifist nation, according to the dream of even Nietzsche himself. What a revolution would be created in human affairs were one of the pirate nations to declare itself a pacifist nation! What jubilation in heaven! What consternation in hell! For what happy people is this great place in futurity reserved? Which of them will first earn the blessing of the peacemaker? I wonder! For when all the ministers of Moloch have preached themselves dumb, this will be seen to be the true grandeur of nations—to seek peace and ensue it. World-empire will seem no more than a gaudy toy to such as seek first the reign of heaven and its righteousness.

I am working towards the time when every theological college, every church, every Sunday school, every day-school, shall be a branch of the Peace Society, or an outpost of the kingdom of heaven. By a system of free, universal, and international education, the childhood of the world must be prepared for its great mission of saving instead of destroying life. Militarism must be ousted from the schools, and pacifism substituted. Schools must become more important

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than forts, and books than bayonets. Not to make corpses, but to create scholars must be the end and aim of education. Not to turn millions of human beings into manure and dead carrion, but to create millions of living and alert and productive workers must be the future task of civilisation. Culture must produce thinkers in room of the displaced fighters. As soon as we realise that it is more important to put brains in than to blow brains out, we shall be well on the way to the accomplishment of man's mission to save.

By the same token, a humanity which recognises that its mission is to save will exalt moral forces far above and beyond military forces, even to their elimination. The Americans stamped on their coins the words, "In God we trust," and then went about complaining of a defenceless America! When shall we believe that peace has her victories no less certain and glorious than war? War celebrates her victories by *Te Deums* in church. But war has no right to *Te Deums*. Only to *Misereres*. Peace alone is entitled to sing *Te Deums*. All this talk of War Memorials makes me sick. I am wearied to death with their plans and proposals and appeals for help to build War Memorials local, War Memorials national, War Memorials here, there, and everywhere, and what they blasphemously designate "Calvaries" in churches. I will never give one penny piece to build a memorial of war. Let war be forgotten. Let it be dead. Let it be buried with all its hatreds and animosities and crimes. I am completely at a loss to know what has happened to the conscience of the Christian world. To the chivalrous old pagan world it

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seemed an accursed thing to keep a trophy in repair. But the Christian world is placing and erecting trophies in all lands, trophies which can have no other end than to perpetuate blood-feuds, sullen resentments, bitter memories, boastful histories, and the *revanche*. I notice with satisfaction that more than one community has declined a gift of guns pressed upon it by a generous government that impoverishes its people with taxes which they cannot afford to pay, and then rewards them with guns which they cannot eat. May such communities multiply!

Take this fine saying, characteristic of the speaker :

"I have been reflecting in these recent days about a colossal blunder which has been made—the blunder of force by the Central Empires. If Germany had waited a single generation she would have had a commercial empire of the world.

"She was not willing to conquer by skill, by enterprise, by commercial success. She must needs attempt to conquer the world by arms, and the world will always acclaim the fact that it is impossible to conquer by arms.

"That the only thing that conquers it is the sort of service which can be rendered in trade, in intercourse, in friendship, and that there is no conquering power which can suppress the freedom of the human spirit."

So said President Wilson during his visit to Rome. We might pause to ask why the physician does not cure himself? We might express the hope that the world will heed the advice better than does the adviser. For my part, I am tired of pharisaical complaints about German sins

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which are so exactly duplicated by the rulers who complain. I cannot help recalling the strong saying about the beam and the mote: Hypocrite! Why sayest thou to thy brother, Brother, let me cast out the mote that is in thine eye. And lo! a beam is in thine own eye. First cast the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to take the mote out of thy brother's eye. Well said, O Galilean!

And yet again let us heed the sayings, even if we cannot applaud the doings, of the wise American: "The light that shone upon the summit now seems to shine almost at our feet: and if we lose it, it will only be because we have lost faith." Good. But I would prefer to say, Because we do not have faith. For I do not think the world ever has had faith in moral forces. We have to come up to faith; faith in rightness, faith in justice, faith in simple goodness, faith in the commonwealth of man. But we have bartered human commonwealth for political empire. We have sold human happiness for a mess of political pottage. We have exchanged human equality for dominion, for exploitation, for racial pride and despotism.

All this has to be changed. Dominion must yield to brotherhood, and race hatreds to universal love. Empire by violence must pass away before commonwealth by mutual service.

Arise and conquer while ye can
The foe that in your midst resides,
And build within the mind of Man
The Empire that abides.

(William Watson.)

But all this involves a new estimate of human values, yes, and a new heart. It requires a new

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philosophy (a change of values), and a new religion (a change of heart). As to that, I cannot speak further to-day. We can but hope and pray, and strive with evil powers, and keep our faces towards the light :

Are there thunders moaning in the distance?

Are there spectres moving in the darkness?

Trust the Hand of Light will lead the people,

Till the thunders pass, the spectres vanish,

And the Light is Victor, and the darkness

Dawns into the Jubilee of the Ages.

Tennyson.

VIII.

SUPER-MAN AND SUPERIOR-MAN.

(March 25th, 1917.)

The Superior Man (*Confucian Analects*).

The Super-Man (Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra*).

WE have seen that religion, by its very nature, is bound to regard man's mission to this planet as one of salvation. This fact suggests some comparison between the Super-man of Nietzsche, the Pole born in Saxony, and the Superior man of Confucius, the teacher who gave a religion to the greater number of the Chinese people. The attempt has led to an accumulation of material great enough to justify a volume, and cannot possibly be brought within the limits of a general discourse. Forgive me if I do little more than skim the surface of the great deep.

We may commence with a suggestive legend about Jesus and his methods of propagating a religion. According to the legend, Jesus sent out seventy missionaries to spread the gospel of repentance unto the new kingdom. After the death of Confucius also we read of seventy disciples who formed a kind of college to perpetuate and spread his teaching. We recall also how Gautama covered the high-ways of India

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with thousands of mendicant preachers to direct the people into the right path.

It is thus that creative minds multiply themselves. "Great men have reaching hands," said Lord Say to the rebel Jack Cade, in Shakespeare's historical play, "oft have I struck those that I never saw, and struck them dead." In another play, Shakespeare employs a similar metaphor with reference to Cardinal Wolsey, "his sword hath a sharp edge: it's long, and 't may be said, it reaches far; and where 'twill not extend, thither he darts it." But life and salvation may project and multiply themselves as well as death and destruction. The tongue of the teacher reaches as far as the hand of the tyrant. If the tyrant darts his sword to the ends of the earth and slays those whom he never saw, the teacher multiplies himself in his messengers, and gives life and peace to myriads he knew not of. Especially is that true in this age when the printing-press multiplies the message a thousand-fold.

The familiar story of Jesus is true to type. In the first place the master multiplied himself by twelve, typical of the twelve tribes of Israel, to whom they were first sent. But as their minds expanded—which is one of the advantages of foreign travel—they grew into a wider comprehension and included others in their plan of salvation. Hence at their second sending their number was increased to seventy, corresponding to the supposed seventy nations and languages of the earth. Thus the message assumed the aspect of universality. It was as if reform Judaism was to cover the earth.

The messenger is naturally the first to profit

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by a great man's message. Those of Jesus were sent, Jews though they were, to preach to the Samaritans, even to eat and drink with them, which was a complete reversal of their racial prejudices, and threw them back from the political upon the spiritual. It was as if a Hindu Brahman should deliberately eat with Sudras and Pariahs. Thus the messengers learned that humanity was more important than nationality. Then also they went unarmed, which taught them that moral force was greater than military force. They took no purse, implying that truth was above price, the message was more than money. They were to waste no time by the way in long salutations, which meant that the eternal was above the social arts and conventional practices of the world. They were to give the greeting of "peace" to everyone they encountered, so that they had continually before their minds the idea that human unity was deeper than all national and religious divisions. These ideas had a salutary effect on the messengers themselves as well as on those races and creeds to whom they carried the good news. The man who is the trustee of such ideas is good in himself and a means of good to others. Such ideas create the Superior man of Confucius, and put a soul into him as well as a conscience. He is not yet Super-man, but he is Superior man. It is a far cry from the Jewish Sanhedrin to the Parliament of Man, but in this New Testament story we see the beginning of the movement.

However, my purpose leads me to strike in upon the story just at the point where the seventy returned from their missionary journey. Their hearts and even their mouths were filled with a

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quite natural gladness. A child-like joy gushed out of their simple lips. They felt a glow of pride and self-satisfaction as of fame fairly won. They gloried over the idea that the spirits were subject to them, which gave them a feeling as of Super-men. They infected even their leader with their glow of Super-man enthusiasm, so that he too saw himself triumphant over the very devil—"I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." No doubt, every time good triumphs over evil, the figurative Satan falls; and it is permitted to those whose toils and prayers have assisted his downfall to rejoice. Every time goodness is victorious over the powers of ill symbolised by lions, adders, serpents, scorpions and what not, it is permitted the soul of man to rejoice. For does not man thereby prove himself a sort of Super-man? But at that stage, unhappily, the "Superior man is liable to degenerate into a supercilious man; the sage into a pedant; and the saint into a pharisee. And therefore the master is reported as saying to his seventy would-be Super-men, 'In this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven.'"

No words could more plainly express the truth that it is better to be a good man than a great man. It is better to be lowly and spiritual than to be proud and powerful. "The spiritual," says Emerson, is "that which is its own evidence." Our natural pride would always feel more flattered if we were able miraculously to cure bodily disease than if we were able by moral influence to cleanse a soul from sin. We would incline to be the ermined judge rather than the invisible

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spirit of justice which is supposed to animate him. For many people, half the attraction of religion goes when heaven goes, and the crown and harp go, and all the dramatic mounting which decks the page of sacred literature. The forces of religion resemble the army with which Wellington won Waterloo, of which he is reported to have said, "I had only thirty-five thousand men on whom I could thoroughly rely; the remainder were but too likely to run away; in fact there was so much misbehaviour that it was only through God's mercy we won the battle."

There is an inferior stage of moral culture in which people are inclined to consider reputation more than they consider character. They think more of appearances than realities; and put the worker before the work. A newspaper recently told of a business man who proved himself unworthy of trust and was imprisoned for theft, all because he had such a craving for popularity that to purchase it he spent money beyond his means, and, as was said at his trial, "had people round him like flies round sweets." That is bad enough. But the case of the messenger of religion who sells truth for popularity is much worse. For the message is surely greater than the messenger, as the end is more important than the means. And it is worse to rob people of the truth than to rob them of their money. Yet the best works may be performed from corrupt motives; so that religion itself may be turned into a means of degradation, a stalking-horse for personal ambitions. He who ought to be content to be a Superior man may strive to turn himself into a Super-man. The

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legitimate satisfaction which follows success may turn to self-congratulation, and that again into vanity. The tool may take the praise which is due to the sovereign hand. The dumb reed may claim the glory of the breath which gives it sound and soul. You remember Æsop's fly? Sitting on the edge of the chariot-wheel and seeing how the wheel set the dust of the highway whirling, the vain insect exclaimed, "What a dust I do raise!" So are men whirled round and round with the wheels of destiny, but take the credit for creating the circumstances of which they themselves are but the creatures. A small creature may mount high on the wheel of fortune, and imagine that he has lifted both himself and the wheel.

That leads me to remark upon the extraordinary modesty of Confucius, who gave the world the ideal of the Superior man. He was himself far from having attained the ideal, he said, though his friends thought otherwise. The Superior man, he said, is modest and virtuous, wise and fearless, humble and respectful, kind and just. He cleaves to virtue in times of danger and of haste, and seeks to perfect the admirable qualities of men. He thinks of virtue more than of comfort; seeks righteousness rather than gain, and fears error more than he fears poverty. He is more anxious to do good work than to receive large emolument, takes reward only for services done, and declines the gifts of the proud. His conduct is marked by entire sincerity, and he strives to carry out in his conduct what he professes. He is satisfied and composed. Three things he stands in awe of,—Heaven, great men, and the words of sages. When alone he is most

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• watchful of himself. He studies to do nothing to others which he would not have them do to himself. In the single word "reciprocity" he finds a sufficient rule for the practice of life. Such, in bald outline, is the figure of the Superior man of Confucius.

I would say that the Superior man of Confucius was the gentleman among the religions. Self-cultivation was regarded as the great end of human life. Never in the history of human morals has more care been taken to cultivate character than was taken by Confucius and the Chinese sages.

I do not lay it to the charge of Confucius that he fought shy of the questions of God and the future state. He was—to use the language of to-day—a supreme ethicist, and thought, just like a member of the Ethical Society, that speculative and doubtful questions were unprofitable. Perhaps the Superior man thought and talked too much about "proprieties" instead of principles; which might, again, be construed as inclining him to ethics rather than to religion; and which gives sometimes just the slightest impression that the Superior man leaned over towards the supercilious man. Yet we should be unjust were we to suggest that in the Superior man of Confucius there was anything of what we moderns understand by "the superior person," who is always something of a prig. The wonderful modesty and dignity, the simplicity, contentment and self-restraint commended in the teaching and exemplified in the conduct of the sage himself deliver his philosophy from the least suspicion of priggishness or pharisaism. As I have said, the Superior

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man is a perfect gentleman, simple like a child, but self-regarding and self-watchful; gentle and pitiful, but just and strong.

I could point out weaknesses and limitations which have made themselves felt and seen in Chinese character and civilisation; but that is not in my purpose to-day. And besides, it may be that if the Eternal were to strike a balance, Chinese character and culture would be found to have escaped worse perils by following the Confucian ideal of the Superior man than if it had gone to the European extreme and bowed down to the idol of the Super-man.

And that brings me at last to Nietzsche and the ideal of the Super-man of which he is the prodigious apostle,—I think I may add, the maligned and misunderstood apostle.

No one is able to approach Nietzsche with dispassionate mind unless he carefully remembers two things,—First, that the idea of the *Uebermensch* originated with Goethe, who created his *Faust* an *Uebermensch*; and second, that "Super-man" is only a translation. Some prefer the word "Over-man." Dr. Tille prefers "Beyond-man," which, it appears to me, carries the general meaning of *Thus Spake Zarathustra* better than any other. Just as the human ideal was for Confucius the Superior man; so for Nietzsche the human ideal is Beyond-man. So far as terms go, there is no great gulf between. The Superior man is the man beyond the best. The Beyond-man is the man superior to the best.

The doctrine of the Beyond-man did not spring full-formed from the volcanic brain of the great reformer—for such he undoubtedly was in spirit and intent. It came out of the philosophy

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of perfectionism which characterised the previous century. Mankind was supposed to be going on to a condition of perfect virtue and perfect happiness. Nietzsche did not think they were going the right way, and he said so in language so violent and fierce and fantastical as to create misunderstanding and prejudice. His contradictions and inconsistencies are enormous. So are his exaggerations. It is far from easy to gather just what he actually intended to accomplish. And quite easy to differ in opinion about it.

As an example of his best, take an oft-quoted passage from *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, and compare it with a less known passage from *Human, all too human* :

In the former he says, "Ye shall love peace as a means for new wars, and a short peace better than a long."

But in the latter we read, "Perhaps, perhaps, a memorable day will come when a nation, renowned in wars and victories, distinguished by the highest development of military order and intelligence, and accustomed to make the heaviest sacrifice to these objects, will voluntarily exclaim, 'We will break our swords,' and will destroy its whole military system, lock, stock and barrel. Making ourselves defenceless (after having been the most strongly defended) from a loftiness of sentiment—that is the means towards genuine peace, which must always rest upon a pacific disposition. Better to perish than to hate and fear, and twice as far better to perish than to make oneself hated and feared—this must some day become the supreme maxim of every political community."

That is a deliverance which the most extreme pacifist could not better.

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At times, Nietzsche writes as if Beyond-man were to be a different species from the existing human race, as far beyond it as it is at present beyond the animals. The present races are but as bridges over which they pass to Beyond-man. The problem is not how man can be preserved, but how he can be surpassed. Dead are all the gods; and Beyond-man is to take their place. Presently, however, we are relieved to find that Beyond-man is to arrive in the usual way. Marriage is to be entered into for the sake of Beyond-man, and with Beyond-man in view. So that the matter resolves itself into a form of the modern science of eugenics, and is not so terrible after all. The fearful raptures of *Thus Spake Zarathustra* had prepared us for something much more amazing.

Yet even so, we cannot be indifferent to those elements of brutal egoism which characterise Beyond-man, and which form the principal theme of *Will to Power*. In that terrible book we have the whole gospel of modern irreligion brought to its highest form. Not only is the slave-morality (as he calls it) of Christianity thrown overboard, but all morality likewise. Liberty follows. And equality. And fraternity. All goes overboard. All this in the name of Beyond-man; for Beyond-man has the right to exploit the normal race of men for his own egoistic ends, and, so to speak, rise on stepping stones of *their* dead selves to—ignobler—things. God—so far as a God is admitted—is the unfeeling and uncaring Artist of the universe, stated in terms of Power. Beyond-man is also stated in terms of Power, though exact definition is—as I have said—not ventured upon. Nietzsche

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rightly suspects that some will call his Beyond-man "devil," and indeed, if he be not devil one wonders what a devil might be. No wonder that the creator of so much anti-human egoism finds it necessary to create new values, beyond good and evil, beyond morality, which was the task he was engaged on when his mind broke before the storm itself had raised.

But why pursue the theme? All that is on the face of it. Much of it may be but the bubble and foam on the surface of the chafing sea of modern thought. It may be merely an exaggeration of manner necessary to draw the attention of a jaded time to the contents of the message. In the long run it will do little harm, and may do some good. The shams and pleasures and smooth make-believes of the age required rough handling. The mummeries in State and church, and the smug mediocrity of individual character may have needed just such corrective. The image-breaker must use a hammer. One cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs. And I am not sure but that we may yet welcome this strenuous, sincere, maddening prophet of the Beyond-man as a reformer and leader in the van-guard of a nobler generation of men.

However that may be, I make my choice elsewhere. I choose the gentle, benevolent, modest, wise, just, neighbourly Superior man of Confucius. I have no room in my pantheon for the cynic, for the scorner of his kind. Mankind has had enough of its Herods and Caligulas exalting themselves with pride as gods, sitting in the seat of God, proclaiming themselves to be gods. It is not given even to Beyond-man to wield the powers of the world to come.

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The Superior man of Confucius—I choose him.
So may we fitly take to ourselves the language
of the archangel Michael, addressing Adam when
he was just about to quit Paradise,—

This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoyedst,
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
By name to come call'd charity, the soul
Of all the rest; then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier far.

(Milton.)

IX.

MEN TO STAND IN THE GAP

(June 24th, 1917.)

"I sought for a man among them, that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it; but I found none"—(*Ezekiel*, xxii., 30).

"It is for want of a man that there are so many men"—(*Thoreau*).

"The power of love, as the basis of a State, has never been tried"—(*Emerson*).

WE have seen that the interests of mankind are safer in the hands of the Superior man of Confucius than in the hands of Nietzsche's Super-man. There is, in fact, an affinity and spiritual tie between Jesus the gentle Galilean and Confucius the Chinese gentle man, inasmuch as each of them gave mankind a version of the Golden Rule. The Chinese and Galilean versions differ in form only, and not at all in essence.

The call of to-day is for Golden Rule men in all the blood-sodden nations—for men, and women, to stand in the gap. Ezekiel indicates the need of them.

In Ezekiel himself the prophet and the patriot were well balanced and mingled. That is to say, his politics and his religion were mixed in due proportion; his religion leavening his politics, and his politics fortifying his religion. Like

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Herbert Spencer, Ezekiel had long foreseen that the social and moral degeneracy of his nation must end in political and military disaster. "It makes no difference that the nation was that of Judah in the one case and Britain in the other. Similar causes produce similar effects in all ages."

But, like Spencer again, Ezekiel found that his grief and his outspoken admonitions were vain. Degeneracy had gone too far and deep for the coming destructions to be arrested in their course. It was even impossible for him to cherish the expectation that the impending calamity would produce any reformation of national character; for he daily saw how falsehood had eaten into that character, so that the severest trials could hardly be expected to result in immediate reform. He felt that he might as well hold his peace and wait till new conditions and national repentance made speech again a hopeful enterprise. Priests and prophets, princes and people,—all alike were hugging falsehoods to their breasts; false ideas, false ambitions, false doctrines, false words; were, in fact, feeding themselves on lies and enjoying the diet, from the altar to the school, and from the palace to the cottage. The continued existence of such a nation was of no value to humanity; therefore the nation must necessarily be undone. That was Ezekiel's argument.

The last touch of hopelessness was given to the situation by the fact that Ezekiel was unable to see the figure of any man strong enough, commanding enough, brave enough, honest enough to stand in the gap through which these destructions must pour in upon the nation. He could see no man willing to make up the hedge that had been torn and trampled down—the hedge of truthfulness and candour and honour and justice

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and social integrity. He could see no man making up the hedge of national righteousness, ready to stand in the gap.

A man to stand in the gap! Thoreau must have felt some such want in his day when a slave-holding nation appeared to be content to keep an entire race in chains. He appeared to be oppressed by the existence of so many men, while that which he was looking for was a man. So he struck out that paradoxical saying of his, "It is for want of a man that there are so many men."

A man to stand in the gap! Supposing there were in Great Britain to-day a man who should try to make up the hedge of national righteousness, and stand in the gap through which calamities and destructions are pouring upon the British people;—supposing, I say, there were such a man within the limits of the British Isles, with what materials would he try to make up the hedge? With what words and what message would he stand in the gap through which lies and greed and cant and hypocrisy were pouring themselves in full flood to the overwhelming of the British people? What materials? What word? What message? Let me try to say.

First of all, he must stand in the gap with a true science in place of the false science which has very largely helped to tear the gap and make it wider. He would teach biology as a gospel of God instead of a doctrine of devils. He would not deduce a scheme of human morals from the hyenas and boa-constrictors; but from the highest human characters and ideals.

It is unquestionable that one of the main gaps in the hedge through which the foul tide of war deluges Europe has been made by that pseudo-

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science which has everywhere expounded the destructive agency of war as a "biological necessity." The evolutionary principle has been proclaimed as a competitive instead of a co-operative principle. The scientific theories of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest through natural selection have been applied to things not contemplated by Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace, and it has been argued that man must continue to go on in the ancient pre-human destructive way.

But that is to ignore the very principles of science itself: For the significance of the ascent of man is precisely that he is able to substitute social and international co-operation for the ante-human system of combat. With man has arrived the age of reason, and of the sovereignty of will over instinct, and love over egoism. While destruction was the characteristic of the ancient animal type, salvation is the characteristic of the new human type. Those who conform to type shall survive, while those who refuse to conform shall perish. Those who persist in living according to the old egoistic, selfish, destructive instincts of the lower orders of creation shall perish; while such as accept and live according to the new vision of love and neighbourliness and mutual aid shall survive. That is the truth that is being written in blood on the plains of Europe to-day. It is excellent biology. It is equally pure religion. To that religion all who believe in the divinity of man must cling in the teeth of all contradiction. The broken law of science is returning on the heads of those who broke it. Biology is breaking the breakers.

I would enforce this argument by one of the great sayings attributed to Jesus. When Jesus

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was urged to bring fire from heaven to destroy certain churlish Samaritans, he replied, "Not so, for the son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." That is to say, the advent of the human race on this planet puts an end to the period of destruction, and inaugurates the period of salvation. The speaker spoke better than he knew. With the supremacy of the brute went the ages of violence. With the sovereignty of man comes the age of reason, of moral suasion and love. Man is the first of the animals to recognise that his mission is to save; and it is the recognition of his saving work which differentiates him from the sub-human races which went before. The proper nature of man is displayed only when he loves, and performs the saving actions proper to love. And since man is a social being, we at last reach Emerson's proposition that love is the true basis of the State. With Emerson, we deplore that no State has made the divine experiment; for we think the experiment well worth making. That will be a great day when,—not a man merely, but,—a nation of men stands in the gap, and declares that its mission is to save men's lives, and not to destroy them. It will be the greatest day in history.

Men who are to stand in the gap, however, must stand with something more than a true science. They must stand also with a true philosophy. For what is a philosophy but a theory of life? And the kind of life lived by men and nations depends on the kind of theory they adopt.

There can be no question that the gap in the hedge of civilisation has been made largely in

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the name of a false philosophy—and that in more countries than one.

The doctrine that might is right, that the earth with its treasures of life, land, gold, love, women, is nothing but booty for the bold, has been preached by the philosophers of more than one nation. They have returned to the worship of power in the person of the Super-man, the egoist, in other words, the tyrant, represented by such names as Nero, Genghis Khan, Napoleon, while lesser persons are to be admired in proportion as they embody the fruits of ambition, success, physical health and beauty, to the enslaving and slaying of such as have not the ability or the desire to dispute their passage. To be a full-blooded Dionysus is declared to be the goal of the self-centred Ego. Peasants and children may continue—(proceeds this false philosophy)—to admire suffering saviours like Sakya-Muni, who surrendered a beautiful wife, a palace, and a kingdom, in order to deliver mankind from evil; or like Jesus, who permitted himself to be nailed to a cross for the sake of his people; or like Socrates, who drank the hemlock that Athens might know the truth; but such anæmic specimens of humanity are despised by the full-blooded Dionysus, who has neither pity, love, nor fear; who claims the right merely because he has the might; and who is free to impose his will equally by club, or sword, or gallows. The revolt against the gospel of salvation—against man's mission as a saviour—has been in full flood in Europe and America for several generations, while a doctrine of literal damnation has been substituted for it, which, however, on the battle plains of Europe and Asia is being proved a desolating delusion. It is not so much the weak

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spots in their armour as the weak places in their thinking that this war is discovering to the Christian and Islamic peoples. Their murderous armaments are merely the visible expression of their murderous philosophy, their murderous theory of life. The way to disarm the nations is to disprove their philosophy.

The true philosophy, or theory of life, will have an immediate effect upon religion. Religion will then be understood to be love, unselfishness, and co-operation; neighbourliness and mutual aid. To keep this ever before the people is the task of the men and women who stand in the gap.

Thus we come in sight of the third requisite of the men who stand in the gap against the black tide of war. To a true science and a true philosophy they must add a true ethic; a true theory of morals. They will not take their ethics from the jungle. They will not take wolves for their models nor foxes for their teachers. They will exalt moral forces over physical violence.

In my school-book I used to read the legend of a Dutch boy who saved Holland from deluge by pressing his body against a gap in the dyke through which the surrounding sea was beginning to make its way. If we can imagine the long, long strain, and the terror of such an experience to a boy, we may also be able to conceive how unconquerable must be the spirit of those men and women who would stand in the gap and resist the tremendous pressure that is brought to bear upon them by the forces that make for war, exerted by friends as well as enemies. They have to persuade their nation to a profound searching of conscience. They have to uncover

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those moral causes which give rise to every war whatever.

For, my friends, make no mistake. It is something deeper than political entanglements which has turned Europe and part of Asia into an Aceldama, a field of blood. The ultimate cause is in the hearts of the belligerent nations. No doubt there are direct and immediate causes connected with political exigencies and military necessities, but while conflict rages no mind is capable of setting them forth with just analysis. A state of war grievously warps the judgment, so that nothing less than omniscience can determine the various degrees of error, and fix proportional responsibility on those who bring about such international collisions as that in which we are to-day participants. The spirit of ethics is a spirit of justice. There are questions the ethical spirit cannot help asking. The spirit of justice should keep us calm and sane and faithful to its immutable ideals. It forbids harsh judgments and thoughts of revenge. The doctrine of reprisals is alien to justice. We can be the friend of other countries without being the enemy of our own.

I take another step forward. The men who would stand in the gap to turn away the brutalities of war, must, to a true science and a true philosophy and a true ethic, add a true religion. The temptation to interpret religious duty in terms of destruction rather than salvation is enormously strong. True religion will resist and overcome that temptation. True religion will ever put thought above strife. Religion will resist the effort of the world to drag it down to its lower ethical plane, and will rather strive to lift the world up to its own divine height. The

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world never ceases its effort to secure religion for its ally, to bring religion over to its side, to get religion to condone its actions and methods. But religion must strive with all its divine energy to impress its ideals upon the world. While the world strives to get religion to fight, religion must more successfully strive to get the world to love.

The world and its way may be illustrated by the words of a native chief who had heard Dr. Moffatt preach on the resurrection of the dead,—“Father,” said he, “I love you much; your visit has made my heart white as milk; the words of your mouth are sweet like honey. But I do not wish to hear about the dead rising again. The dead cannot rise! The dead shall not rise! *I have slain thousands, and—shall they rise?*” The chief’s voice is the voice of mankind resisting the Spirit,—“Religion” (protest the nations) “cannot condemn war. Religion must not condemn war. Religion shall not condemn war! *We have slain our millions—and shall war be irreligious?*”

As against all such protestations, religion must remain firm to its divine call. Religion must exalt character over conquest; piety above policy; martyrdom over killing. The way of war is to take away the *sinner*—the way of religion is to take away the *sin*—of the world. Amid the extremest necessities of war-time the religious person must never permit himself to be so transformed into the citizen or the warrior as to be forgetful of that.

These considerations apply with peculiar force to the pulpit as the voice of religion. Above all men should the religious teacher be found in the gap standing against the demoralisation which

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war brings in like a flood. It is peculiarly incumbent on the preacher to resist the pressure of such times, and to remain faithful to the divine principles of religion. The powers which make for destruction are sufficiently strong without his endorsement and alliance. As the spokesman of the ideal, it is his place to keep alive the great facts and truths of salvation. It is at a nation's peril that it degrades its pulpit into an advocate and apologist for war. The pulpit should be as an anchor in the storm of human passion; it should be the still, small voice above the earthquake and the thunder. The pulpit should never cease to protest against a double standard of morality, one for individuals and another for nations. The pulpit should, in season and out of season, magnify the value of reason over force, of love over violence. It should never cease to plead for the arbitrament of reason in place of the insanity of bombs and poison-gas and liquid fire and boiling oil. The pulpit should stand for justice and international law. It should foster such a spirit and create such conditions as would render the international crime of war impossible for all coming time. It should adopt the memorable words of Abraham Lincoln, and strive "to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace."

Further, in the name of religion, the men who stand in the gap must stand up against that mockery of prayer which obtains more or less among all the Christian nations at the present time. Religion teaches that there is only one God, and that God is one God. What, then, mean those vain petitions which all the Christian nations are offering against one another, at the same moment, to the same Deity? It is obvious

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that petitions offered by warring worshippers for results which are totally contradictory to one another cannot influence the judgments and decrees of omnipotence. Many of the prayers which are being offered in the capitals and cathedrals of Europe at the present time are nothing but profane appeals to the old tribal deity who ought to have yielded place to the one God and Father of all.

Therefore, our prayers should be directed towards those ends which include the blessings of mercy, peace, prosperity and justice to all the contending peoples, irrespective of race, creed, or moral difference. We dare not impiously dictate to deity in what manner or proportion he should distribute those blessings; but we should trust him to render to every man and nation according to the deeds done and the policy pursued; in full assurance that each shall receive the exact reward or punishment necessitated by Eternal Righteousness. The principles of religion require us to follow the path of virtue uninfluenced by fear of punishment or hope of reward. We do not believe that prayers can constrain or deflect the justice of God. We can make no mean attempts to degrade the Eternal into a tribal deity, and to enlist the Universal as a partisan. We believe that the judge of all the earth will do—*right*.

And, to draw to a close—The men who stand in the gap cannot stop till they have filled up the gap,—not only with a true science, a true philosophy, a true ethic, a true religion, but also, —with a true system of politics. Yes, I boldly affirm that all religion and science and philosophy and ethics culminate in a just and humane and ideal political State. Never mind the chatter

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about "no politics in the pulpit." For what is politics but a method of living together, a theory, and practice of common life, of social and collective existence? That is the final expression and practical outcome of it all. Therefore all science and philosophy and ethics and religion merge into the sublime political task of organising the Commonwealth of Man. Politics is the instrument they use to bring about the Federation of the World. We can help to organise the world for peace as it has hitherto been organised for war. With Emerson, we can deem it not impossible to make love, instead of violence, the basis of the State. We can strive to substitute the co-operative sisterhood of the nations for the competitive militarism which has brought them to ruin. We can promote the Federation of the World on lines already roughly drawn by the Hague Convention and the proposed League of Nations. As we mournfully survey the slaughtered heaps, the devastated fields and homes, the million crowds of desolated women and children; and as we further reflect upon the long impoverishment of the peoples, the far postponement of the reformers' hopes, we can fold our hands in solemn vow to the All-Father, that *the expectation of his poor shall not perish for ever!*

The auto-biography of Moncure Conway reveals the condition of despair to which he had been brought by the encroaching militarism of Europe, with its too-certain doom. To Conway, the moral tragedy of war was that, without adequate trial, it doomed to certain death innumerable multitudes of people,—“A declaration of war is the most terrible of sentences; it sentences people to be slain and mutilated, their

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women to be widowed, their children orphaned, their cities burned, their commerce destroyed." His final injunction is to all men and women everywhere to implore peace,—“implore peace,” he says, “not of deified thunder-clouds, but of every man, woman, and child thou shalt meet. Do not merely offer the prayer, ‘Give peace in our time,’ but do thy part to answer it! Then, at least, though the world be at strife, there shall be peace in thee.”

“Give peace in *our* time”—yes, but our desires travel beyond our own time and place, and our universal prayer is, “Give peace in *all* time,” according to our amended version of the grand Russian Anthem :

God the All-terrible! King who ordainest
Thunder thy clarion and lightning thy sword;
Show forth thy pity on high where thou reignest,
Give to men peace through all time, O Lord!†

† See my *Hymns of Divine Unity and Love* used by the Free Religious Movement.

